The Sunday Oregonian.

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READS LIKE A ROMANCE

Eight Mexican Gold Hunters Murdered in Wyoming.

THE CHART OF THEIR ANCESTORS

It Was Traced in Blood, and Indicated the Location of a Mine of Fabulous Wealth A Mysterious and Deadly Fight

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Feb 8. The discovery of the bodies of eight Mexican prospectors at the mouth of the abandoned Sun Savior mine in the northern part of Wyoming has brought to light a romantic story, rivaling all the tales about the seekers for Captain Kidd's buried treasures.

Miguel Martinez at the head of a party of his countrymen was here in the fall for two days. He confided to a Mexican gambler here that they were in search of an abandoned gold mine which they believed to be rich in metal and were going to develop it. Martinez carried a chart, traced on parchment which they said was over 200 years old and was made by an ancestor of his in the seventeenth century. The chart has been to Washington and had but recently turned up and at once the party was organized.

The story that has run through the family for generations was that Martinez the elder was at the head of a band of Spanish gold hunters, who were working a rich mine somewhere in this part of the country. The miners quarreled and finally fought and their division resulted in the abandonment of the mine though it was very rich. Martinez was wounded and died on the way home. With his blood he traced a chart which was to be a rich legacy to his children. A faithful friend delivered the document, which soon afterward was lost and only recently turned up. Martinez the descendant was told of two mines up north that mineralogists declared were worked by Spaniards hundreds of years ago.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

His party was not heard of again until today, when a hunter named Keller reported that his party had discovered their bodies. All of the Mexicans had been shot and were somewhat cut up by knives, showing that the struggle was a hand-to-hand one. There were evidences that the victorious party lost three or four men and that they had made a hasty departure carrying the dead all wounded with them.

What surprised the hunter most was that the mine had recently been worked. It is not known that a prince had touched it since two men had starved to death there in 1877.

There is reason to think that the San Salvador was not the mine described on their chart and that the murderers have taken the map and gone off to locate the ancient mine. The fact that the Mexicans' horses and tools were taken and that their jewelry and some of their money were not removed from their bodies seemed to prove this.

Keller says that there was every indication that the San Salvador mine was paying and he believes that the mine sought for by the Mexicans is not far from the other and is known to the party who were at work.

No one here knows who the murderous prospectors were and as the region in which the events occurred is almost inaccessible, it is not likely that any one will start to work the old mine and bury the Mexicans before spring.

DICKMANN'S CREDITORS.

The Heirs of the Estates of Which He Was Administrator the Principal Losers

ST LOUIS, Feb 9—The total amount of Dickmann's indebtedness as it is now understood, will reach $200,000. This represents the inheritance of the Gen Meyer heirs and three Guy heirs. The Munte Borgess Milling Company has not suffered heavily nor will his creditors here or in Chicago, among the speculative fraternity be hurt by their losses. The mothers of the children who have been so cruelly wronged are the chief signers of Dickmann's bond so that their loss will be total, or nearly so.

RUMORED SUICIDE OF DICKMANN

ST LOUIS, Feb 9—It is rumored to-night that Dieckmann the absconding member of the board of trade, committed suicide at Windsor Canada, to-day.

"RED NOSED MIKE."

He Tells His Story of the Murder and Sheds Tears

WILKESBARRE, Pa Feb 9—"Red Nosed Mike" told the story of the murder in his trial to-day. When he came to that part relative to the shooting, he broke down, and cried like a child. He declared he had nothing to do with the killing.

HIS ACCOMPLICES CAPTURED

WILKESBARRE, Feb 9—It was learned this afternoon that "Red Nosed Mike's" accomplices, Severino and Villetta, have been captured in Italy.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT

A Kidnaper's Excuse for Retaining Possession of a Child

CHICAGO, Feb 9—The Gurleys who had possession of the kidnaped child Annie Redmond, were arrested to-day. Mrs Gurley says the child was given to her by Maggie Gordon, who said it was her own. She never suspected that it belonged to Redmond or she would have returned it. The police are looking for Mrs Gordon.

In Memory of Tilden.

NEW YORK, Feb 9. This being the anniversary of Samuel J Tilden's birth the occasion was marked to-night by the Harlem Democratic Club with a memorial banquet at which Henry Watterson delivered an address of commemoration.

Among the other speakers were Ex Governor Hoadly Hon J Pearce, and Charles A. Dana. Letters of regret were received from President Cleveland and Governor Hill.

Crookedness Discovered.

CHICAGO, Feb 9. A report to the Times discovered to-day that James Cunningham janitor of the East Chicago avenue police station except at Sabbath school command, was conducting a fence for stolen goods. Cunningham had a partner in the person of John Layne an employe of the Pullman Palace Car Company. Most of the stolen goods belonged to the Pullman company and include the most expensive carpets and hangings.

Made Good the Shortage.

NEW YORK, Feb 9. Pondsmen made good the shortage of A S Hoskin cashier of the elevated roads. Hoskin is in New York. This ends the matter. The officers of the road say the shortage is only a few thousand dollars.

Given Up for Lost.

NEW YORK, Feb 9—The brig Florence which left this port November 15 for Galveston with a cargo of iron, has been given up as lost. The brig was in command of Capt Atkins of Maine, Delaware and had a crew of eight men.

For the Championship.

BOSTON, Feb 9—Frank Murphy of Birmingham England, and Ike Weir of Boston, have been matched to fight twenty five rounds in Boston for the feather weight championship, about March 8.

Committed Suicide.

ST LOUIS, Feb 9—Edward C Breckenridge assistant cashier of the Commercial national bank committed suicide at his home shortly after midnight. The cause is unknown.

Talk of an Orange Trust.

NEW YORK, Feb 9—It is reported that a pool is forming, with a capital of $1,000,000, to buy the entire crop of Florida oranges for the next five years. One hundred of the principal fruit merchants of the leading cities of the East will be invited to connect themselves with the pool by contributing $10,000 each. The crop will be purchased on the trees by Southern agents of the combine and sold to the trade generally by the members of the pool in New York Boston Chicago New Orleans and possibly St Louis Baltimore and Philadelphia. The oranges will be divided into grades and designated by uniform marks. All sales will be by auction. Shipments from Florida will be governed by advices from the different distributing points after the plan adopted by the California Fruit Union.

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

Two volumes the fifth and sixth of the Library of American Literature edited by E C Stedman and Ellen M Hutchins on paper linen and in Uncut Editions made in these volumes extend over the period from 1820 to 1870 and it was during these years that Emerson Lowell Longfellow Irving Whittier and others of our most distinguished writers gave expression to their best thought. The selections from these and many other authors have been made with the same judicious care that showed itself in the former volumes. Each volume has fifteen portraits those of Bliss Greene Halleck George Pliet N P Willis and Margaret Fuller being among the less familiar and more interesting ones.

Nothing hitherto attempted presents so full a collection from the works of American authors as these volumes. Four additional volumes are to appear which will have to do with the literature of our country during the great war and since that period. We find in the volumes already issued a great number of very valuable pieces long out of print and not obtainable without difficulty. The two volumes of this collection will be a most important acquisition to any library. Charles L. Webster & Co. No 114 and Fourteenth street New York city. Price, cloth per volume, $4.

Houghton Mifflin & Co. (Boston and New York) publish a biographical sketch of Delia Bacon a woman in whom all persons take an interest who have cared for that curious literary controversy, the authorship of the plays attributed to Shakespeare. Miss Bacon was a woman of brilliant intellectual gifts and of uncommon strength of character and the tragic story of her life forms a pathetic and strangely interesting chapter in the vast volume of literature pertaining to Shakespeare and his plays. Her early life is rapidly sketched enough being given however to indicate clearly the character of the mental and moral qualities which she inherited from her Puritan ancestors. From the first Emerson took a great interest in her projected visit to England where he wished to pursue her studies of the subject that was occupying her mind to the exclusion of everything else—the real authorship of the plays attributed to Shakespeare. Indeed perhaps the chief value of the volume consists of the correspondence which this gifted lady had with Emerson Carlyle and Hawthorne, most of which is here made public for the first time. The book from which she started so much fell flat, and she turned to Hawthorne after her estrangement from her relatives in utter despair. He has told briefly and sympathetically the melancholy story of Miss Bacon's sojourn in Stratford on Avon but his human like patience gentleness and generosity toward her appear in their true light for the first time in these letters which with the other material that the editor has collected enable one to form a just estimate of a woman in many ways remarkable.

LITERARY MENTION.

Mr Whittier says that "Snowbound" recalls to him his sufferings from the cold in the home of his boyhood, where the snow beat in through the crevices in the roof of his bedroom, and he attributes his lack of robust health through life to these early privations.

At the dinner recently given to the Encyclopedia Britannica contributors, one of the publishers made the interesting statement that of the 60 000 copies of the new ninth edition that were circulated no fewer than 40 000 were sent to the United States 10 000 copies representing the British demand for what the American minister jocularly called "the most useful book in the world."

Chopin, and Other Musical Essays" will probably be the title of Henry T Finck's new book which the Scribners have in hand for early publication. The titles of some of the papers are, 'How Composers Work,' 'Music and Morals,' 'Italian and German Vocal Styles' and 'German Opera in New York.' Mr Finck is the musical critic of the New York Evening Post and is the author of 'Romantic Love and Personal Beauty.'

Washington Chauncey Ford is the editor of The Writings of George Washington' the first volume of which will be published shortly by the Putnams. The edition will be limited to 750 sets, and will be in about fourteen volumes similar in style to the edition of Hamilton's and Franklin's works. It will comprise Washington's diaries and his public and private correspondence including letters and documents never before printed. The same publishers have nearly ready The Story of Mexico by Susan Hale in the Story of the Nations Series, and in the Knickerbocker Nights series there will be issued The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith in two volumes and Hays Tales and Lockhart's Ancient Spanish Ballads each in one volume and both illustrated.

The Century Dictionary, which has been for seven years in preparation by the Century Company of New York, is about to be issued by subscription in parts of sections. The total number of pages of this elaborate work is estimated at 6500 and the completion of the quarto volumes will be six. The scheme is thoroughly original and has been executed with the aid of a large number of technical experts. Its very fullness will also add to the value of lexicons and some 6000 cuts in the high order will help out the definitions. The first portion of the work is launched on this country as an experiment in the United States and it remains to be seen whether the remarkable success of sales of the first finished portion of the work in this country as compared with the sale of those in all be reversed in the case of the Century Dictionary.

RECORD OF FAITH DAYS.

Salem Statesman

Rev P N Mathieu of Hillsville was in the city yesterday and in the course of a conversation he unearthed from the recesses of his great memory the detestation of a reporter's curiosity a specimen of the money used by the early settlers. It is the form of a bill of credit issued by the territory of Oregon and reads: Oregon City, Oct 4 1847. Oregon territory promises to pay to the order of A A Skinner $10 50 with interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from date. John H Couch treasurer, per John L Brooks. Mr Mathieu has another of these bills issued to S W Moss in 1846 and transferred to him on a debt. Mr Moss is still living at Oregon City. None of the parties are living whose names are on the one above given. The bills were never presented for payment and now Mr Mathieu would not take any price for them. He wants to leave them in the county to help pay the State expenses.

BERLIN CABLE LETTER

An Alliance Formed Between Germany and England,

AGAINST FRANCE AND RUSSIA

The Revenues of the Emperor The Imperial Household and Its Regulations—The Austrian Succession—Etc

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BERLIN, Feb 9. Both the emperor and Prince Bismarck have held long conferences with Lord Charles Beresford. During the interview the conversation turned upon England's state of preparation for war and the combined naval forces of France and Russia. Prince Bismarck is reported to have advised Lord Charles that an Anglo-French war was nearly as probable as one between Russia and Germany, and that if the Boulanger clique saw a possibility of beating England by a sudden attack, they would prefer that to taking the chances of the terrible ills of defeat by Germany. Prince Bismarck declared his readiness to conclude a defensive alliance with England. He told Beresford to strongly represent to his government at the urgent necessity that England should put her house in order.

THE IMPERIAL REVENUES.

In the lower house of the Russian diet today the emperor's civil list passed the second reading, after a debate in which the progressists emphatically protested against increasing the imperial allowance by 3 500 000 marks. They had no difficulty in proving that the wealth of the imperial family is already enormous, the emperor having at his disposal not only his revenue of 13 250 000 marks but also other resources from his family domains. The hofkammer which administers the domains is charged with the care of the crown palaces forests and lands. The collection of the rents for the lands is so extensive as to require division into seventy seven stewardships. The supporters of the bill could not show any necessity for the increase of the imperial income. They rested their demand upon the argument that the emperor's functions and work were increasing, therefore his revenue ought to be enlarged.

THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD.

The health of the emperor is again delicate. With the renewal of the severe weather, his old troubles have been aggravated. Dr Leyden has been specially summoned three times this week.

The emperor rises at 5 o'clock. He makes his children share his own severe regime. The princes are roused at 6 o'clock and often breakfast with their father at 6 30. Their lessons begin at 7 o'clock.

The crown prince has just obtained his first step in the army having been appointed ensign, a position similar to that of corporal. He has now his own duty room and hour should. Twice daily he is instructed in military drill with his brothers. He is allowed one and a half hours daily for play. This scheme of lessons for each hour during the week.

THE DIET'S SCHEME.

Dr Windthorst has given notice that he will frame a motion to insert in the note regulating the judicial condition of the country under German protection, guarantees of liberty of conscience to the natives and foreigners free exercise of public worship, and the rights of missionary propaganda. He intends that the semblance of a simple motion in favor of religious toleration but covering under the mask all the principal privileges of the center party which obtain for the assent of the reichstag for Jesuit expansion in the colonies.

THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION.

In discussing the Austrian succession the general press espouses the opinion that Emperor Francis Joseph will recognize the validity of the provisions of the pragmatic sanction that only in case of the total extinction of the male line shall the succession devolve upon a female. Court advices assert that Emperor Francis Joseph avoids fixing the succession difficulty. Archduke Francis, the presumptive crown prince suffers severely from epilepsy. He himself desires to treat against these and apparently the emperor detests the next brother Archduke Otto, the scamp who so brutally treated his wife Princess Maria of Saxony that she recently entreated her relatives to give her shelter as I procure a separation for her.

THE SAMOAN CONFERENCE.

The Kreuz Zeitung says the Samoan conference will begin Thursday next, and the United States will be represented by Chapman Coleman, first secretary of the American legation.

Prince Bismarck is indisposed.

Snow has been falling incessantly since Wednesday throughout central Germany. Railway traffic has been interrupted and several trains are imbedded in the snow.

THE ROYAL TRAGEDY.

More About the Suicide of the Crown Prince and the Baroness

LONDON, Feb 9. The Chronicle contains the following dispatch from Paris, of recent date. Two letters which appear in to-day's Figaro go to confirm the version of a double suicidal tragedy at Meyerling. The first is a short note to the Duke of Bangarzi, which is as follows:

Dear Friend: I must die, I cannot do otherwise. Keep well and happy. RUDOLF.

The other letter is from Baroness Vetsera to her mother and says:

Dear Mother: I die with Rudolph. We love each another too much. Forgive me and farewell. MARIE.

I. S.—Bratisch whistled admirably last night.

The Figaro adds that the crown prince asked the emperor to allow him to renounce his rights to the throne, in order to marry Baroness Vetsera morganatically. When the emperor refused he informed the baroness that they resolved to die together.

TROUBLE BREWED.

Riotous Demonstrations by Unemployed Workingmen

ROME, Feb 9—A panicky feeling prevails, owing to the riotous demonstrations by unemployed workingmen. The force opened early but soon closed. This forenoon 300 workingmen assembled in the Piazza Dante. They easily routed and dispersed them. A large number of arrests of disorderly persons were made. A detachment of infantry has been placed on guard at the banks and large buildings. The government is taking the strongest measures to repress demonstrations. Rain is raining heavily. It is expected that further rioting will occur to-night.

OFF AUSTRALIA'S STEAMER.

ROME, Feb 9. In the chamber of deputies to-day Signor Bonhi and other members censured the authorities in connection with the Labor riots.

Prime Minister Crispi, replying blamed the communistic or public safety for a culpable lack of presence of mind. He announced that he had given the strongest orders to prevent all meetings of the workingmen. The government, he said, was warned some time ago that the present agitation would occur, either in February or March.

Stating that the socialists were at the bottom of the trouble Signor Crispi said that the government would know how to do its duty.

HE DENIES IT.

Ex Senator Jones Says He Did Not Negotiate the Fenian-Russian Alliance.

DUBLIN, Feb 9.—Ex Senator Jones, of Florida this morning received the following London cablegram from Michael Davitt: "LeCaron swears you negotiated the Fenian-Russian alliance with Dr. Carroll." To this he replied: "LeCaron's testimony that I negotiated the Fenian-Russian alliance is absolutely false. I was never a member of the Fenian brotherhood or any other Irish organization."

In connection with the matter, Senator Jones said: I have made many speeches for my native land, and they will show that I deprecated anything like constitutional measures to procure for Ireland the rights which her sons think she ought to have."

Who is the Dr Carroll spoken of?

I only know one Dr Carroll in this country. He is an eminent physician of New York and a connection of the celebrated Carroll family of Maryland. I never exchanged a word with him on the Irish question.

Senator Jones says he never knew LeCaron.

A PHENOMENAL YEAR.

BOSTON, Feb 9. John Boyle O'Reilly says that the various statements relative to him before the Parnell commission show him (De Caron) to be a liar of phenomenal wickedness and effrontery.

PUTTING ITS FOOT DOWN.

LONDON, Feb 9. The case of Patrick Molloy who is charged with having given false testimony before the Parnell commission was resumed this morning in the Bow street police court to-day.

Patrick Delaney who gave testimony yesterday was recalled. He told that Patrick Egan with treasurer of the league was both a defendant in the Pigott conspiracy suit and a witness for the defense in the libel suits of defendants against The Times. Delaney also said that Egan was also Mr Parnell's private secretary. The latter part of the testimony elicited a sensation in court.

CABLE NOTES.

The Irish Offenders.

DUBLIN, Feb 9—O'Brien has been served with a third summons under the crimes act. It is stated that he will be removed from Clonmel to the Tullamore jail Monday.

Father McFadden was escorted from Glenmore to London derry by police. Engineers and skirmishers at intervals of 300 feet watched the route, in order to prevent the rolling of boulders upon the railway.

Father McFadden will be charged with complicity in the murder of Inspector Martin.

The French Cabinet.

PARIS, Feb 9—A meeting of the cabinet was held to day. Floquet, prime minister, spoke in favor of giving priority in the chamber of deputies to the *scrutin d'arrondissement* bill over the bill for revision of the constitution.

Floquet subsequently appeared in the chamber of deputies and demanded priority for the scrutiny bill. The chamber decided, 308 to 243, to discuss the measure Monday.

Business of Grave Importance.

LONDON, Feb 9—Hon W H Smith, the government leader in the house of commons, has issued a circular to the supporters of the government, urging attendance at the opening of parliament on February 21 when, he says business of grave importance will come up.

No Political Demonstration

PARIS, Feb 9—The minister of war has issued a circular in which he reminds the French officers and soldiers that political demonstrations by troops are forbidden and will be repressed.

A Furious Gale.

LONDON, Feb 9—A furious gale prevailed in the English channel all last night. The weather was bitterly cold. A number of small wrecks are reported.

A Russian General Dead

ST PETERSBURG, Feb 9. General Kalakoutski the artillery specialist is dead.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HUMORISTS

The London "News" Prints a Sarcastic Editorial on the Subject.

LONDON, Jan 30. The Daily News to-day has a sarcastic but good humored article on English and American humorists. Commenting on Howells's recent expression on the same subject the News says:

We can't do Mr Howells the injustice of supposing that he is one of those enormously cultivated persons who can read Tolstoi but cannot read Shakespeare. As humor is usually understood Shakespeare is master here as everywhere and Mr Howells prefers that amoosin little cuss Artemus Ward, Kin Hubbard, Josh Billings with Chaucer, Uncle Remus with Burns, Charles Dudley Warner with Sydney Smith, the Danbury News man with Tom Hood, John Phoenix with Charles Lamb, Orpheus C Kerr with Hook, the Burlington Hawkeye man with Douglas Jerrold, Bret Harte with Thackeray and Josh Billings with Oscar Wilde, and concludes: "There still remains the heroic form of Mark Twain against whom we do not propose to set up any rival. Mark Twain is so peculiarly his own that we can't find his parallel, but it may be hinted that Jonathan Swift, and Dr Oliver Goldsmith and the Rev Laurence Sterne were perhaps as funny as any who write in America come papers. But why does Mr Howells omit Mr Oliver Wendell Holmes?"

Fatal Casualty

NEW YORK, Feb 9—The bursting of the centrifugal machines in the works of the New York Tartar Company at Brooklyn to-day killed two men and wounded three others. Rufus Webber, the superintendent, had the upper portion of his head cut off, and Robert F King, an employe, was so badly injured that he lived but a few moments.

Take the Northern Pacific Railroad for all points East. The only dining car route from Portland. Office, No. 2 Washington street.

THE CITY OF PEKIN.

A Look at the Filthy Capital of the Great Chinese Nation

How Our American Minister is Treated at the Chinese Court—Scenes at the City Gates—A Diplomatic Episode.

[Copyrighted by Frank G Carpenter 1889.]

PEKIN, China, Dec 20 1888. [Special Correspondence.] The telegraph has become a feature in the holy city of Pekin. The mandarins now use the wire and the emperor has his reports by telegraph from the leading cities of the kingdom. A Chinese baby climbing a telegraph pole as has elsewhere been often done is one of the curiosities of the Western invasion of the Celestial dominions. The winds from Mongolia flattered the garments on the trees and its long queue hung out like a streamer as it clasped its little hands and tried to climb smooth stick and vainly essayed to mount. Ten years ago the Chinaman who dared propose the introduction of a telegraph into Pekin would have been a suspect for office and disgrace. The trouble with Russia has however showed the necessity for such communication and there are now in China more than 6000 miles of wire. Slowly but surely Western invention is making its way and Li Hung Chang the great viceroy, in a visit to Colonel Denby at the American legation not long ago said he expected to ride by rail to Pekin within a year. Now the journey of ninety miles from Tientsin has to be made by pony by donkey or by cart or the traveler must come by boat up the winding Peiho. The pony ride requires two days and the boat takes from three to seven. The winter mail of Pekin has to be brought 90 miles through the interior by relays of ponies and it often takes something like three weeks to get a letter from Shanghai to Pekin. The Chinese at present profess to be well satisfied with this arrangement. The majority of them do not want railroads nor telegraphs and they would if they could extend the walls about Pekin so high that they would reach heaven itself and effectually bar out the son of heaven as they call their emperor from all contact direct and indirect with foreigners.

The Chinese are the most conceited nation on the face of the earth, and they think their civilization is the highest in the world. They entitle their emperor the ruler of the world, and the ordinary Chinaman, which title includes 999 1000 of the 400 000 000 people making up their race believes that all the world is subject to this boy of 17, who rules the nation from his palace within half a mile of where I am writing this letter. He thinks such of the American and European nations as have representatives at Pekin are here solely to do honor to the emperor that the countries pay tribute to him and the daily street parade which the American German, French, Russian, English and other legations are located is called by the Chinese the street of the subject nations.

When it is considered how will the Chinese minister to the United States is treated at Washington, how he is petted by the best ladies of our society and how our first men throw open their houses and their arms to him the contrast between his position and that of the American minister to China is a natural humiliation. The latter class of the Chinese offer no social invitations to the foreign eastern at Pekin. Colonel Denby during his four years of efficient service in China, has never seen in the house of a Chinese gentleman's home. He has never looked into the almond eyes of the boy emperor nor has he set his foot in the one of his palaces. He has never had an audience with the empress regent through her famous gauze screen and such calls as he has had from the ministers of foreign affairs have been those of ceremony and business. Nevertheless he has had his social duties religiously and yesterday he sent his card to the office of foreign affairs in honor of the empress' birthday. Our foreign minister uses, of course, Chinese card. It is a strip of paper four inches wide and ten inches long, and its color is of a hue so red that it would enrage the maddest bull. Upon this in the blackest of ink is painted the large Chinese characters which represent Colonel Denby's name. Such cards are used everywhere in China and the larger the card the bigger the man represented by it. It would not take more than ten such cards to cover a page of this newspaper and when our minister rides forth in his sedan chair or starts home by night his tailed men in livery and preceded by his mafoo and lungehi on horseback the Chinese, I doubt not, think he is bearing presents from Washington to the emperor and fire their pigtails with a condescending sneer as he passes.

Col Denby is now at the head of the foreign ministers here. He is the dean of the diplomatic corps, and I attended last night a diplomatic dinner which he gave to the German minister upon his retiring from Pekin. Mr Von Brandt, the oldest minister at Pekin in point of residence, has been the dean for some time, and by his recall the position comes to Minister Denby. As dean, he is the representative of the corps, and acts as its spokesman upon state occasions. He is now hence the head representative of the foreign influences in China, and as such holds a very important position in the hands of the Celestials. A thorough French scholar, he made an excellent speech at this dinner in the French language which has been lately adopted as the diplomatic tongue of the foreign legations here. The dinner was held in the American legation and the parlors which have been redecorated and refurnished during Colonel Denby's term, were filled with the cream of the foreign society of Pekin. There are no better servants in the world than the Chinese and the menu was equal to that prepared by the best of the French chefs at Washington and it was served by long tailed, almond eyed yellow faced servants in coats of velvet and silk. The table talk was in French and the leading nations of the world were represented.

What a wonderful city is Pekin! How big and how little! How old and how young! How strong and how weak! It is a conglomeration the strangest mixture of matter and mind in the world of cities. It was a city as far back as 1200 years before Christ, and it was the capital of China a thousand years after Christ was born. It was the capital of the whole empire in A. D. 1264 and with the exception of a short time it has been the seat of Chinese government since the reign of Kublai Khan. Its hair is thus gray and its skin wrinkled in its years of eyehood, but as a modern city it is still in its swaddling clothes, nay, rather it is just born and it sprawls about in all the dirt of neglected babyhood. It is the most filthy spot on this fair earth's face and the smells of Naples, the dirt of Cores and the slums of New York and London cannot compare with it. It knows nothing of modern city improvements. Its wide, nasty unpaved streets have no sidewalks, and the rude Chinese carts are dragged along up to their hubs in mud and filth. The streets are the sewers and the most degraded savage of our Western plains has more regard for the exposure of his person than have these pig tailed, silk dressed, gaudy, fat Pekinese. The streets are not lighted and the only lanterns known are small ones of paper, which make it unsafe to move about through the dirt in the night time. Parts of cleanliness is as uncommon as the city cleanliness, and the average Chinaman has only two baths, one when he is born and the other when he dies. There are no great public buildings, and the shops and houses are all of one story. The city contains more than a million inhabitants, and these are made up of the widely diverse elements of the Chinese empire.

We have in America only the Chinese of Southern China, and our idea of the Chinese people is derived solely from them. Here at Pekin are the Tibetians, the Mohammedans the Tartars and the Mongolians and the round faced Celestial rubs his pigtail against the big hats of the Coreans as he wades along the streets. The Chinese empire is represented and one here sees what might be called cosmopolitan Asia. The strangest sights to me on first entrance were the nomadic Mongolians who rode into the city on great camels or dromedaries as unlike the camel of the Egyptian desert as the fat tailed sheep of the Nile are different from the coats of the Yellow river. They are larger as to their bodies and have two fat humps on their backs instead of one. They are covered with wool instead of hair and this long curly coating appears in all the various shades of tan. They come here from the cold regions of Mongolia or Siberia by the thousands and during my visit to the Chinese will I guess exceed scores each of which number I should do of camels according to my estimate. They are loaded with furs from the North for the use of the intellectual mandarins of Pekin and carry back brick tea dust tea and coal to the Tartars and Russians. Some of them are ridden by brown faced Mongol women who wear sheepskin pantaloons and fur caps ride astride and the men are clad in sheepskins with furcaps pulled well down over their fierce Tartar eyes. I see the Thibetan lamas in their garments of red robes and we have here a large Lama temple or monastery where these men live one of the two living Buddhas of the world. He is worshiped as a god, and when he dies another Buddha will be chosen and the great spirit will birth bit him and continue the spiritual reign. Thibet Corea Siam Burmah Mongolia Manchuria and parts of Afghanistan are all tributary to China and their representatives are all here. This city is the capital of nearly one tenth the cultivatable surface of the earth and from one third to one fourth of the people of the earth are governed from it and pay homage to it. The great empire of China has a territory much larger than that of the United States and its population is greater than that of the United States and Europe added together.

What a capital for such a country and such a people. It is made up you know of three great walled cities and the walls about it are more than twenty-seven miles in length. There is the big tartar or Manchu city in the interior of which is the forbidden city inside whose walls in the house of the sacred emperor and where the great palaces are located. There is the Chinese city outside where the most of the business of North China is done, and where the sights and buildings do not differ much from those of the narrow streets and low buildings of other Chinese cities. There are, in the tartar city the thousands of residences of the great officials of the government and here are the great government departments which look for all the world like a set of Western cattle and stables roofed with heavy tiles and ranged around barnyards and courts which are no cleaner nor better kept than our stables themselves. From the walls the whole great city looks like an immense orchard, sparsely filled with trees which rise high enough to shut out the view of the low, one story buildings composing its houses. In one corner rises the great temple of heaven a round towered pagoda like structure where the emperor periodically watches the slaughter of oxen and burns them as sacrifices upon a big marble altar. In another direction you can see the walls of the forbidden city with its many yellow tiled palaces shining in the sunlight, and all around standing out against the sky are the great towers which rise story above story above the gates which lead through the walls.

THE WALLS OF PEKIN.

They are to me the most wonderful thing Chinese yet seen in city architecture. Pekin is said to be the finest walled city in the world. It is made up of the three cities, all of which are surrounded by walls, the greater part of which are as firm to-day as when they were built, hundreds of years ago. These walls must have cost many million dollars, and, though useless now they once made Pekin a fortified city. The wall of the Tartar city is the strongest. It is as high as a city house of four stories, and has in its top a width of forty feet or nearly the width of many a city street. It is sixty feet wide at the bottom, and you could drive four wagon loads of hay along its top without crowding. It is made of large gray bricks laid in blue mortar, and the whole has become through age, one mass of stone. At the top the outside walls perhaps two feet thick, rise four feet and make a fence to the pathway between them. This is flagged with stone, in the crevices of which the grass is growing, and through which here and there a tree has forced its way and grown big-trunked and long-branched amid its rocky surroundings. The space between the facings of the walls is filled with earth, and the sixteen great gates of the city have brick towers of many stories, some of which are built in galleries with port-holes and which over certain gates rise to the height of 100 feet. The gates are faced with stone and their arches are of solid granite. They are great round holes cut through this massive wall, and within them swing heavy wooden doors studded with many iron rivets. These are closed when the sun goes down and are not opened again until the morning. Through these outside fences above the walk on the top of the wall are holes through which arrows might have been shot or perhaps a musket barrel pushed through. They are not large enough for cannon and to-day there are no soldiers keeping guard along these great military highways. Here and there is a rude hut built upon the stones for a watchman but the most of the walls are free for all and they form the promenade for the foreign residents of the city. At each of the gates there is a third wall which runs around it enclosing a space of several acres and making a double fortification at this place.

The scenes about these gates are among the liveliest in China. A ceaseless stream of yellow humanity of Celestials high and low, and of Asiatic four footed beasts continuously pushes its way through them. Here goes a carry-all of camels. There come a dozen men each pushing a Chinese wheel barrow loaded with goods and behind them is a Manchu woman astride of a donkey. She has paper flowers in her hair and rouge a quarter of an inch deep upon her cheeks. Here is a bull naked beggar who howls for alms as he crowds his way through the dirty mass, and there is a Manchu officer who canters along on his pony and does not seem to care whether he knocks down the poorer people or not. Behind him a mandarin in a blue sedan chair a train of fifty servants before and behind him, and a drum major leading the line with a red umbrella on a pole about twenty feet long which he holds up in front of him, and warns the people to get out of the way for the great man who comes. Outside the gates and inside the enclosure are a thousand and one street cookshops whose greasy food is cooking in the open air and being eaten by greasier Chinese. There are poor men on foot and noblemen on horseback. High muckamucks in carts and coolies carrying great loads on their shoulders. It is a queer conglomeration but it is a business one from the word go. There is no foolery about these Chinese. Life is a serious matter to them and they are working the world for all that it is worth.

One sees very little of the residences of the Chinese nobles. They live in large enclosures surrounded by walls so high that it is impossible to look over them and entered by gates which are guarded by door-keepers who admit only the favored few. Some of the residences contain many acres inside of these walls, and the buildings are made up of a number of one-story structures scattered here and there about the grounds. All of the foreign legations are of this nature, and the secretaries and the minister of the American legation live in such enclosures. The government pays him $5000 and $3000 a year for it, and America is, I am told, the only foreign nation represented at Pekin which does not own its own building.

The foreign ministers have some curious duties and their mail as to Chinese matters contains requests quite as queer as some of those made to the president of the United States. Several score of autograph fiends have been pestering Colonel Denby for autographs of the Chinese emperor. A signature as difficult to procure as that of the angel Gabriel written with a quill from his own wings. The Chinese emperor is quite as revered in China and to Chinamen as Gabriel is to Christians. Other Americans want contracts from the emperor and they evidently suppose that China is going at Western rates and Western limits. They put the celestial intelligence on a very low plane indeed and ask the most ridiculous questions as to whether they bring their wives to China they can find suitable accommodations for them. They do not realize that the open ports of China have as good hotels and as pleasant social circles as you will find in any American city and they evidently think that the foreigners here live and dress with the Chinese have woven beds and eat with chop sticks.

The consulate in the province for American affairs is held by the English and the American legation here had to do with a curious matrimonial venture this week. The meeting of the lovers was as school boy and school girl in a small college in one of our Western states. They were merely acquainted and there was no love between them. The boy was a Canadian with pronounced theological tendencies. The girl was a Missourian endowed with beauty and full of common sense. The Canadian, after graduation was sent by the American Board of Missions to China and he was assigned to a post about thirty days ride from Pekin in the wild regions of the Chinese mountains. He labored with his charge for a number of years but his lonely work caused him to cast about for a wife. He bethought him of his old school fellow and opened correspondence with her. The correspondence ripened into an engagement, and he persuaded the young lady to come out here to marry him. The American Board of Missions furnished her the money for the trip. She traveled 13,000 miles to meet her affianced husband and he came from his home in the mountains and waited for her at Pekin. She had first to come to Japan thence to Tientsin, and leaving the steamer to go by cart or boat the two or three days ride of ninety miles to this point. The marriage was to take place upon her arrival and the groom went to the American minister and asked him to marry them. Colonel Denby replied that the only man who could perform the marriage was Mr Smithers the American consul at Tientsin and that they would have to live forty days in his consular jurisdiction before the ceremony could be celebrated. He told the young man that he must register at the English consulate the fact that he was about to marry inasmuch as he was a Canadian. The groom thereupon went and begged Sir John Walsham the English minister to perform the ceremony. Sir John refused, unless the American consul was present, and the groom was again in despair. He at last telegraphed Mr Smithers to come to Pekin at his expense but before he could start the prospective bride and groom called upon Mr Smithers at Tientsin, and told him that they had concluded to wait the forty days and be married there. According to the English law it was necessary that they should a few days before the marriage, go to the English consulate and swear that neither of them knew anything to prevent their being wedded. The forty days were up last week and during the earlier part of the week the two appeared at the English consulate and kneeling down, placed their hands on the Bible and affirmed that they wanted to be married and that they knew nothing to prevent it. All of this time the Canadian was stopping at one missionaries house and the girl was being entertained at another's. He made but few calls upon her, and evidently considered the whole thing a matter of business. The girl, who was of a loving nature wondered whether she had not made a mistake and the day after the meeting at the English consulate she concluded she had. She called her lover to her and told him the match was off. She said she had come all this way to marry him, she was poor but she had saved a little money; she would rather reimburse this American missions than carry out the engagement. She said she knew she could make her living by teaching either in Japan or in America, and she preferred to do it. The lover stormed and threatened the girl. He made matters worse instead of better, and the match is now off for good. The cold Canadian is the maddest missionary in China, and he has broken himself again to his mountains. The girl is at Tientsin, waiting a ship to carry her to Nagasaki, Japan, where she will, I understand, engage teaching in a missionary school.

FRANK G CARPENTER.

VIC TREVITT'S GRAVE

A True History of a Strange Agreement and How He Came to be Buried on Mamaloose Island.

Walla Walla Statesman

And now comes Joe Crabb who expresses a wish to be buried with Vic Trevitt on Mamaloose island below The Dalles, but he can never get there. As the burial place of the Indians it is sacred to their manes. It is their Walhalla and from thence they enter the happy hunting grounds where there is no rain or hail or any snow. All Indians buried there have this peculiar advantage, as is well known to the old pioneers and others acquainted with them. Many, many long years ago long before the snort of the locomotive or the ear piercing screech of the steamboat whistles awoke the echoes of the boundless woods where rolls the Oregon, two white men sat upon a rock near The Dalles on a calm summer evening discussing the future and its dread mysteries. Mamaloose island was before them. Their topic was the abode of future bliss beyond the grave. The two naturally led to still graver thoughts and how to become one of the select was the problem. These men both were well acquainted with St Peter the keeper of the gates of paradise and knew him to be a good hearted saint overflowing with kindness to the old pioneers, many of whom any one more strict would never have admitted within the gates. These two men were Vic Trevitt and George Knapp. As they sat and thought, the seriousness of the situation vastly impressed them. At last George spoke up. Vic said he: I've struck it. Well says Vic. Got it right there replied George. This is the idea. As all the Indians buried on Mamaloose island go to heaven I'm sure what's the matter. Why not one of us getting in along with them? Now then I will make this agreement with you here. Whichever of us passes in his checks first the other agrees that he shall be buried on this island. You see one white man might sneak into heaven along with the Indians when more would be turned back."

Agreed" said Vic Trevitt. And this arrangement was consummated. Vic Trevitt died in San Francisco, but bound by the agreement George Knapp sent down for the body and it lies to-day on Mamaloose Island with a monument to mark his last resting place in acc

RTHWESTERN NEWS.

Salvation Army Mobbed at Deer Lodge, Montana.

KS FROM THE INLAND EMPIRE

Injured Horses Run Away—A Quarrelsome Man Gets Fighting Drunk

P Special

[illegible] Feb [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

FORTUNES MADE BY INVESTING IN REAL ESTATE

The Metropolis PORTLAND, OREGON, of the Northwest.

People of moderate means can advantageously invest in Real Estate and make fortunes by proper attention to the dealings. We place on the market and respectfully invite attention to the following partial List of our Property:

CITY.

1 4 BLOCK, 100x100 feet, choice corner, business property, facing east, and improvements Easy terms Price $—,000

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SUBURBAN.

1 LOT—Holladay's add to E. Portland, 100 feet from Holladay av, near R. R. bridge, facing east, lays level Price $1,450

1 LOT—Elizabeth Irving's add. to E. Portland, finely located for residence size 60x125 feet Price, $1,250

2 LOTS—Near Williams av. Albina, sightly situated, size 41x115 feet each Price, $750 each cash. Will sell on installments

4 LOTS—Facing P. & S. motor line on Morgan (late Albina) size 54x100 feet each. Price, $500 each for one week

10 ACRES—Near P. & S. motor line, well drained, spring on lot with large pond, all level Price, $500 per acre

COUNTRY.

10 ACRES—2½ miles from draw of Morrison St. bridge near base line road, all in fruit, berries, etc., fine house and barn all level Price, $12,000, easy terms,

154 ACRES—4½ miles from court house, timber on same will pay for clearing, can advantageously divide into five and ten-acre tracts Price, $35 per acre, half cash, balance two years.

161 ACRES—Stock ranch in Beaverton, all cultivated, fine fruit land house and all necessary improvements all level Price, $2,500

320 ACRES—Fine farming land 12½ miles from Portland, on Tualatin river 40 acres ran for cultivation Will sell 160 acres Price, $10 per acre.

$5 50 PER ACRE—160 acres 12 miles from Portland, two miles from Clackamas station on R. R., on Clackamas river, fine dairy land, 80 acres level, well on road through land Bus for ten days

TIMBER LAND.

265 ACRES—Fine cedar and fir timber, 6 miles from Portland, ¾ mile from Willamette river land mostly level, and when timber is cut will be good for agriculture Price, $10,500

480 ACRES—Finest cedar timber in Oregon on Wilson river, Tillamook county, all level land, saw mills in immediate vicinity. Price, $10 per acre SPECIAL BARGAIN

635 ACRES—Most excellent fir and cedar timber land mostly level, trees from 3 to 6 feet in diameter, 150 feet high without knots on running stream, 25 miles from Portland To be had at a bargain

TEN MILLION feet yellow fir and cedar, 160 acres good land Price, $2,000

160 ACRES—Fine cedar timber, near large stream Tillamook county, Price $6 50 per acre

In addition to the above, we have property for sale in all portions of this city and surrounding country, and will take pleasure in showing same to all parties interested.

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IN THE SOCIAL REALM.

How Portland Has Amused Herself During the Past Week.

Mrs Tuthill's Dinner Party—Mrs Stott's Card Party—A Number of Minor Happenings —Announcements.

VANITY FAIR.

An Incident.

We sat within a railway car,
A man named Jones and I,
While I fond glances sent afar
Unto a damsel nigh.
And thus by optic telegraph
The trip was swiftly whiled.
Her glances mingled with our chaff,
And once I thought she smiled

"By Jove" said I to Mr Jones
My new found guest to air
In most enthusiastic tones,
"I'm mad is passing fair,
And ever since I sat me here
She's wafted glances meet
She's pretty, and it would appear
She is inclined to flirt."

Said Mr J., "Nay, think you so"
(I know not well the youth)
"Well, if you say so, we will go
And speak to her, in sooth
So over to her side we sped,
My mind with sweet words rife.
And Jones, the villain, blandly said-
"Aw—My Smith—my wife
—*Chicago Ramb'r*

Porcelain flowers are by some thrifty givers of dinners, etc., used in the table ornamentation so decently are some of them made that it is hard to distinguish, and they never fade Therein lies their greatest beauty Put them carefully in a close-shut box and they are as fresh and bloom fug as ever next time

In millinery just now little is new, old styles are coupled with a few unappreciable changes in the trimmings One hat of dark green velvet had its wide side brims turned straight up from the back, where the helms diminished to nothing cause full go on plumes and silk, broad bows of the same shade of green, entirely hiding the high crown

As the dainties rose altogether follows every flut and tone of color that shop things can be bought to make it One work silk are the finest and most popular showing designs ranging from the cost of the spun star to long loaves work lilies and other flowers Sometimes these have a touch of gold thread woven through, that will tarnish with the first wear up

Dotted golf and knickers and the small chased vinaigrettes to correspond with the three cornered pompier stones in combination are much emerald and diamond These rings are set deep in the gold of heavy rings and across the chalcedony bars Emerald rings with the green stone cut square and set about with diamonds are seen in nearly every jeweler's window

Some one said that black silk underwear was declining in fashionable favor, but it was only a mistake for new and charming little black silk and satin shirts have lately appeared These show over the golf clothes pepper open with pearl buttons of the most exquisite description, and will be to match that one's black stockings, and so on up pass at or unstable. Incongruities are avoided

Make a bias fluting of ribbon to match some color in an exciting dress The ribbon can be from three quarters to an inch wide, with fluting and ends to reach nearly to the floor Pin this securely to the right shoulder and some one said a small cluster of flowers and then done The effect is said by many to be extremely graceful with all these silken bloom fluttering in a ballroom breeze

Although the newest hat bonnets fashioned with golf caps could not very brilliant and special in most women are chary of the wearing of bonnets, and Mrs. A. L. Lewis, Mrs. and Mrs. A. J. Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ladew, Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Nicholas, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. H. Metzger, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Neer, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kaddeford, Mrs. Capt. Lane, Miss Fay Jones, Misses Bockwith, Albert Smith, Boyer, Knott, Burgess Beveridge, Minnie Hurlbut, Young, Snow, Young Addey, Paul Shearer, Lewis, Love, Pipes, A. Love, Pipes, Lizzie Read, — Smith, — Thompson, Hattie Bonham, Maud Glen, Julia Sullivan, Annie Campbell, Belle Campbell, Lydia Busby, May McGowan, Vera O'Malley, Mamie Brigham, Ruda McEwan, — Johnson, — McCormick, Messrs Captain John Cox, William Anderson, W. F. Burlage, O. W. Taylor, S. D. Wilcox, E. William Millikin, W. H. Hall, Frank Bell, Will Cox, Edwin Al Mathews, C. Coffeen, Fred Sutherland, Ed Weir, J. Hall, R. A. Clark, C. E. Smith, J. M. Moore, H. Lloyd McEwan, W. S. Ladue, C. Champion Smith, Ben Shattuck, F. D. Dewey, Russ Donlon, Harry Mc Cracken, F. Leach, Irwin Watson, F. Blake and William Buffington

A Military Event.

On Friday evening the apartments of Captain and Mrs. F. W. Moore in the Labbe building were thronged with the members of Company F, N. G. (Captain Moore's own company). The dance in all ways was in full uniform and undress full dress. The full uniform and undress full dress. The full dress was a full dress. The full dress was a full dress. The full dress was a

The Oregonian.

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, FEB. 10.

It is claimed that there is at last a bill before the Oregon legislature for the protection of the fishing industry that "don't favor anybody but the fish." The people will find it hard to believe this assertion at least until the bill is voted down.

If the storage of salmon at the canneries holds out long enough they will get a woolen mill there, without question. The matter of raising a $5,000 bonus for this purpose is again before the people, and seven representatives Business men of the city are due as solicitors for the ambush.

The city of Providence, R. I., under a prohibitory law, has 929 places in which liquor is sold. This does not include drug stores, and other places where liquor is suspected, but not positively known to be sold. Providence has about 132,000 people or about three times the number of Portland proper.

The present open winter has been most favorable for clearing land. Large numbers of white men are employed in this business in Polk and Yamhill counties, thus solving for themselves the question of driving out Chinese labor, which political agitators attempted unsuccessfully to solve for them a few years ago.

The doubt as to "who killed Cock Robin" seems to be duplicated in regard to the sudden taking off of the crown prince of Austria. All accounts agree that his death was a violent and shameful one, connected in some way, more or less mysterious, with conduct the mere statement of which would entitle a virtuous American wife to divorce and alimony.

The rate of mortality in Liverpool is 1s 8 per cent. Every fourth funeral is that of a child under one year old, and every second funeral is that of a child under five. Either the English mothers have a poor chance to show their superior skill in rearing children in that city, or the English system is not so far in advance of the American after all.

The *Times-Mountaineer*, noting the veto of the Portland water bill, says: "The governor is undoubtedly honest in his convictions, but their enforcement would work no good to the state and would be a great burden upon municipalities." The reflection that his excellency is honest in his convictions is poor recompense to the citizens of Portland for the lack of Bull Run water.

The *East Oregonian* says: "Governor Pennoyer is one of a number of men who stir be at the shadow of arrest and give protection to the evil, unintentionally." As if this from a democratic brother who helped to elect the governor by urging him on in the persons of a shadow. The next thing some member of his excellency's political household will be attacking his attitude upon the Chinese question and excusing the vagaries that preceded his election on the ground that he was made that way.

Rev. J. R. N. Bell, the only surviving of the Oregon railway commissioners, has been forced by the goadings of tender conscience to part with his hotel interest in Salem. The business would not pay without the bar, and that part of the concern could not be made to tally with Mr. Bell's path in regard to the temperance question. Such spasms of conscience are not unusual, but they generally come after a competency has been acquired in the business. It is understood that Mr. Bell's case is an exception to the rule.

County division and proposition to relocate county seats have made and are making enemies of old time friends and neighbors in several sections of the state. Yamhill has had a pretty heavy dose of relocating in the past two years, and now the Polk county people are at it hammer and tongs. The *Observer*, published at Dallas, expresses thankfulness that the sun is beginning to shine through the local war cloud that hangs over the county, and adds: "If we only knew it, we have all got too much to do to spend our time pulling hair over a one-horse court house."

In answering a question from Tillamook county as to whether money in Marion county owned by a citizen of Tillamook was taxable in Tillamook, the statement was overlooked that the resident of Tillamook held a certificate of deposit. This, as an evidence of debt, no doubt would be taxable in Tillamook, where the owner resides. But in general property must be taxed in the county where situated. For example, many cattlemen of Multnomah own cattle, sheep or horses in Crook and other counties of Eastern Oregon. This property is taxable in those counties and not in Multnomah.

The Lebanon *Express* states that it was "a fine time about Hamilton's office" when [illegible] but says that it "pays better to divide the log for its contents in building plant there is a variety of opinions." That is true. There was when wheat was the Oregon farmer's sole resource as away to the lack of transportation. Now there was but mark it for purchase pro rata. But that day has passed, and with a very growing population to the east of us, and the fruit and vegetables and dairying home population draw more than the whole west for eggs, chickens, many [illegible] bacon, hams and lard there would seem to be no further need of argument in the case.

A bill to prevent the administration of food was discussed before the Wisconsin legislature recently. It was objected to on the ground that its passage would wipe out two-thirds of the retail grocery stores of the cities and the grocers of Chicago would send their adulterated sugars, spices etc. to Wisconsin with impunity, since a state law cannot interfere with inter-state commerce. A spasm of sense occasionally intervenes in time to save the business of one section of the country from being reformed out of existence for the benefit of the same kind of business in another section. The bill that was called upon the bill introduced at Salem to compel the heating of passenger cars by steam is a recent illustration of this.

The penitentiary commissioners of Washington territory have decided that hereafter prisoners in that institution must work ten hours a day. It is clear that unless these prisoners get up a trades union they will be imposed upon. Do these honorable commissioners realize that many of these men never did a day's work in their lives for ten hours a day? Will the law of the glorious country sanction a measure so arbitrary? This is the second instance of arbitrary power recorded in connection with that institution lately. Awhile ago it was asserted as the incontrovertible authority of a convict that the food was not first class, and the sleeping apartments were not as airy and spacious as could be desired. In the absence of the regular legislative session, Governor Semple should at once give his personal attention to the down-trodden condition of the convicts at Walla Walla.

VOLUME OF LEGAL WORKS.

A lawyer is supposed to understand the common law of England which was compounded by Black stone and governs in absence of statute laws of the United States and the state he practices. He is also supposed to know the statutes of nation and state, and to have the decisions of United states and state courts, which are already so numerous as the stars. When a case is tried he quotes of the laws bearing on the case and the decisions of all courts that form a precedent for construing the laws. It will be seen at a glance that every ably competent lawyer needs a library that can not be devised in any other specific from all the states and from reports that repudiate them; also from the common law, which is the common sense of the ages, and as the reports of courts vary more or less and often conflict very decidedly, it requires either an extraordinary mind in the practitioner or a magnificent library, or both, to compass any case of ordinary importance.

Supreme courts are the last resort and their word is final. But a decision may be rendered to day that will be set aside in many years. All the materials of courts change, and opinions also change. Decisions of long standing are reversed and these changes are the last interpretation of the statute. Our Oregon statutes have been twice codified and annotated, and our supreme court reports begin to form a considerable library. The reports of New York are fearfully voluminous, and every state has accumulated reports that construe the laws with contradictions that come from reversal of old decisions, that complicate matters fearfully.

How to reduce and concentrate this immense library of statutes and reports has become an important question. The work of law courts has become so complicated that something should be done to simplify and codify the reports that have to be quoted. It seems as if this could be done by taking topics and points of law and briefly reciting the history of legislation and of decisions rendered. As it is now, law libraries are exceedingly costly, and a dictionary of law that could have proper appreciation or a cyclopedia covering briefly all the best and most reliable decisions, will answer all necessary purpose and use.

DON'T LIKE THEIR OWN BOOK.

The democratic majority in the New Jersey legislature is very busy on repealing the local option law passed by the republicans last year. Under this republican local option law about one-fifth of the counties of New Jersey have voted on the question of prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor, and it is likely the result was favorable. The present prospect that this local option law will be repealed has alarmed the temperance democrats and even Fisk, the candidate of the anti-party for president last year, has published a letter in which he says: "I want to be enrolled among those who protest against the repeal of our local option law, the weakening of its provisions or the lessening of its penalties. I trust men of all faiths, religious or political, will stand together in earnest protest against any such backward step."

Mr. Fisk's protest is that of the chicken which peeped in the egg the freshman mocked, only to be told, "We spoke too late." Mr. Fisk, who helped the democracy carry New Jersey last November, when by helping the republicans he could have secured a temperance majority in the state legislature and thus saved the local option law, now finds that he speaks too late, as the democracy have made up their minds to wipe the local option egg including both Fisk's peeping prohibition chicken. Fisk and his party last November treated the republican party's temperance policy with contempt. The democratic majority of one in the New Jersey senate was obtained by the defeat of the republican candidate in Passaic county, who was a champion of this local option law that Fisk now seeks to save. Fisk and his friends nominated a prohibition candidate against this republican candidate, polled 340 votes and elected the Democratic freedom candidate by eighty-nine plurality. The democratic majority in the New Jersey house was obtained by the efforts of this third party that is now crying tears over the practical overthrow of their labor. In the Third Ocean district the prohibitionists polled seventy votes and elected the democratic "rum" candidate by fifty-one plurality; in the First (Middlesex) district the prohibitionists polled 132 votes, and the democratic "saloon" statesman was elected by a fifty-one plurality; in the Third (Monmouth) district the prohibitionists' vote was 139, and the democratic plurality ninety-two, and in Somerset county the democratic plurality was 136, and the prohibition vote 196. Fisk and his friends deliberately chose to place the New Jersey legislature in the hands of the "free whisky" party, and now they pretend to be anxious for the retention of the local option law.

The truth is that the so-called third party prohibitionists during the last presidential campaign cared more about the defeat of the republican party than they did about the principles of the temperance cause. With characteristic feminine logic, which when it is not born of shallowness is instinct with personal spite, Mrs. Helen Gougar, of Indiana, last July wrote the slavery of her party when she said: "We can carry Indiana and New York for the democrats and teach the hypocritical republicans a lesson."

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAWS.

An important, because able, contribution to the discussion of the subject of marriage and divorce laws is a paper recently read before the Social Science Association of Great Britain by John R. Davidson, barrister-at-law. It should be understood that up to 1856, there was no legal provision for marriage in Great Britain otherwise than by the agency of the established church; that is marriage by civil contract was not recognized; the validity of a marriage was made dependent upon the rites of a church to which neither of the contracting parties belonged and for which they might feel the most deadly denominational hostility. This absurd state of law which confined the process of marriage to the official action of the established church was terminated by the statute of 1856, which made provision for the celebration of marriage under the authority of the district registrars in every part of England. By this statute, while the church is left free to celebrate marriage, it is left open to all persons to make it purely a civil contract either with or without religious ceremony. The wonder is that that such a matter of simple justice and liberty of conscience should have had to wait so long for acknowledgment and ratification by English law. The Plymouth colony was prompt to make marriage a civil contract but England did not consent to this reform until 1856. Before 1857 a full divorce in our American understanding of the term was unknown under English law, and absolute divorce for causes after marriage could only be obtained by act of parliament, which applied only to the individual parties concerned and established no general custom or precedent. The old common law of England followed the canon law and refused to break the nuptial tie for any cause that has its origin after marriage. The act of 1857 declared for what causes separation might be given for a "judicial separation," which was to take the place of the former divorce *a mensa et thoro*, and also upon what grounds the court might decree a marriage void, observed with places to the parties to marry again, but of the prior marriage had been dissolved by death."

This reform was latterly resisted by the clergy of the established church. It is at this present point of legislation that Mr. Davidson takes up the discussion of the laws of England and Scotland concerning divorce. In Scotland a divorced person is prohibited from marrying the paramour on whose account the decree of divorce was pronounced. Mr. Davidson is disposed to agree with an able Scotch jurist who argues that this law has worked against public policy. We quote:

"There are many unfortunates whose whole married life is a continuous hell, embittered, to both, by constant bickerings, and bankrupt in matrimonial affection, have offended against a law which, if they were to remain a gracious gift, has ceased to be [illegible] Marriage may be a very unhappy thing, but it is not a crime, and there is no reason why culpable acts of one party should be visited by the imprisonment of a completely innocent person for life. Let the law be what it may, it will not prevent the vicious woman from marrying the wretched man that hangers on her skirts, or that does in private shame them are steps of a form that less may resent."

This is identical with the views taken by many eminent American jurists, including our Andrew of Massachusetts. Mr. Davidson declares himself in favor of the restriction that the guilty party marriage with those with whom adultery is committed. He also declares the parliamentary marriage with those with whom adultery is committed. He also declares the parliamentary marriage with those with whom adultery is committed. He also declares the parliamentary

NEW TO-DAY.

LOTS SOLD ON SMALL INSTALLMENTS IN Highland. Ask any person who has visited Highland what they think of it. Who believe that it is the prettiest property in or around Portland. The lots are full size. The prices are low. The terms are easy. The Portland & Vancouver Motor Line furnishes quick communication to the heart and business of Portland. Call at our office and get one of those beautiful maps of it. We now have a commodious branch office at Highland for the accommodation of our customers. Three motor cars stop at the door. HARDY & DINNAR, Agents. 1 upstairs No. 135 Washington st.

FOR SALE LOTS IN CLOVERDALE FROM $175 to $400. Lots in Prieger's addition from $150 to $200. Call on Prieger at 10 a. m. from $4:25 to $5:0. This have a large number of other lots which I can sell very cheap if sold soon. Inquire of JOHN M. LITTLEFIELD, Agent, 10 Stark, Or. 1008

ACRES ACRES ACRES. $100 PER ACRE—40 acres, all level and ready to clear, 3 miles S.E. of Portland; also 10 acres, 2½ miles from east end of Morrison st. bridge, $225 per acre, and 20 acres, 2 miles from east end of Morrison st. bridge, partly improved, a good home for $1,500. Call on J. VALLEY, 164 First st. 994

MONEY TO LOAN THIRTY DAYS AND Months on watches, diamonds, jewelry, clothing, pianos, organs, furniture, horses, wagons, buggies, etc., without removal; also on real estate and personal security. Business strictly confidential. Call and get our rates before borrowing elsewhere. Office in Marquam building, room 1. BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO. 1

FOR SALE SOME BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE property. Villa Park Addition are entered and can be had on easy terms. Also an 8-room cottage on A. M. TILTON'S 204 First st.

WANTED YOUNG MAN WITH $2,500 CAPITAL to take charge of business which will return $100 per month; must come well recommended. Address, for interview, 24 hours, 1

WANTED—AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN Why tobacco sells so much better than it used to; a good seamstress will give time to thoroughly convince purchasers. Address, for interview, this 1

$2000 106x100 FEET, CLEARED AND fenced 1 big new house, on a corner six blocks northeast of the Plaza, Albina. J. VALLEY, 108 First st. Room 1, second floor. 994

FOR SALE—A CORNER LOT 50x50 FEET, with cottage of five rooms, $1600. PARRISH, WATKINS & CORNELIUS, real estate and loan agents, 46 Washington st. 995

A MODERN 8-ROOM HOUSE FOR RENT 8 blocks from Postoffice; cistern, fine furniture new and for sale in whole or a part. Inquire in store, 101 and 103 Union ave. north. 1

I HAVE FOR SALE OR RENT, FOR A number of years, my residence on corner of Jersey and Call sts. Call or write to H. B. DAYMAN, Highland, Or. 1

ONE-TENTH OF 127 ACRES (CITY VILLA Park) for sale. If you have a mind to make money apply at once to J. A. WOOD, 611 Bellevue building. 996

FOR SALE FOR ONLY WEEK ONE DESIRable lot in East Portland. For particulars inquire at 144 Pacific st., Portland. Low price and easy terms. 1007

TO LOAN MONEY ON HOUSEHOLD FURNIture and all kinds of personal property. Notes discounted. FRAME & STOWELL, 293½ First st.

DRESSMAKER LATELY FROM NEW YORK would like engagement by the day in private family; good fitter and draper. Address 169 Ninth.

COAL. A FRESH SHIPPING OF RUCKA JUST received, 60 per ton. Kindling and fire wood. 131 2nd st. Telephone No. 1063

WANTED TO BUY THE FURNITURE OF A widely furnished suite of rooms in a business block. Address C, Portland Post. 1

$700—SMALL TRACTS NEAR MOUNT Tabor on long time and easy terms. A. MACNAMARA & CO., 1 and 2 Failing block. 1005

FOR RENT—FOUR ROOM HOUSE IN SOUTH Portland for $7 per month. Must be furnished. Portland Real Estate office, 189 First st. 1003

WANTED A GOOD SMART BOY NOT afraid to work to make himself generally useful in a wholesale house. Address P. O. Box 2 city. 1004

$50 LOTS GO TO-DAY IN MORRISON STREET Tract and buy a lot for $50 on the installment plan, in the Willamette addition to East Portland. Stark

WANTED BY A NORWEGIAN GIRL A situation to do second work or take care of children. Address M. H. care Oregonian.

$4500 WILL BUY HOUSE AND FULL LOT on Hoyt, near Chapman. THOMPSON & RIGGEN REAL ESTATE CO. 975

FOR SALE—A LOT 50x100 FEET, WITH house of nine rooms, $2200. PARRISH, WATKINS & CORNELIUS, 46 Washington st. 975

MONEY TO LOAN ON HOUSEHOLD FURNIture, horses, real estate, etc., in Portland and vicinity, at lowest rates. Call and get terms. CAPTAIN JONES, 1 Sherlock building, Portland. 1

MONEY TO LOAN ON HOUSEHOLD FURNIture, horses, etc., without removal; also on real estate and personal security. Business strictly confidential. Call and get our rates before borrowing elsewhere. DR. E. A. JONES, 34 Morrison st., Portland. 1

DR. E. A. JONES IS AT HOME AGAIN AND Dr. Mrs. Jones, Medical and Surgical Dispensary, 34 Morrison st. Diseases of women a specialty.

DON'T FORGET THAT ALBERT HARRIS is the best Chamber Instructor in Portland.

THE MOST ELEGANT MEDICINE IN THE world is Oregon Electric Oil for all pains or aches. Try it. 1

G. W. ROWAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public. Room 2, Morrison st.

WANTED—BICYCLES, BICYCLING AND Athletic goods; also to rent. Call or write to WOODARD, CLARK & CO., 132 Second st. 1003

R. COLLIS, 37 FRONT STREET, HAS THE best and cheapest stock of oil cloths in business on the coast. 980 tuthsat

SITUATION WANTED AS HOUSEKEEPER by a lodging house. Inquire 75 Montgomery st.

THE BEST MEALS IN THE CITY ONLY 25 cts. at the Revere House cor. Third and Stark.

AN EXPERIENCED LADIES' NURSE WISHES an engagements. Apply 75 Montgomery. 1003

FOR RENT—ONE FLAT OF UNFURNISHED rooms, 104 North Ninth st. 1002

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

WORK WANTED IN CARDINIUM OR TREE and vine printing, by the day or job, prices reasonable. Address W. H. BOGUE, East Portland, residence cor. N and Eighteenth. 877

WANTED—BY MAN AND WIFE, STEADY work together in hotel private family or on a ranch; are good cooks and understand the management of a hotel. Address A. B., care Oregonian. 898

WORK WANTED BY A SCOTCHMAN AGE 35 With a wholesale commission house or as a office boy; can show the best of references. Address A. N., care Oregonian. 901

WANTED—BY AN EXPERIENCED BOOK keeper and salesman position in general store or chandise store best of references. Address S., care Oregonian. 902

EXPERT GARDENER AND FLORIST, LATE by from Europe with highest testimonials and diploma. Address A. B., care Oregonian. 917

A LADY TEACHER OF MUSIC DESIRES TO go out at a few more pupils would exchange lessons for painting or violin lessons. Lessons care Oregonian. 986

WANTED—POSITION IN A WHOLESALE OR retail house by a young man who wants to learn some business; former employers preferred, to find some experience. Address E. D. care Oregonian. 915

WANTED—SITUATION BY MAN AND WIFE; children 14; can run the hotel to do best with it. Address C. W., care Oregonian.

WANTED—HELP.

WANTED A GIRL FOR KITCHEN WORK. Wages $15 per month. 110 Fifth st.

WANTED A DISHES WASHER AND WAITER. Apply at 1

WANTED—A GIRL FOR LIGHT HOUSEwork; must be a good cook. 1 Fifth st.

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEwork; general wages; no washing. 1 Fifth st.

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEwork; general wages; no washing. 1 Fourth st.

WANTED—A MAN TO TAKE HALF OF the profits and run a first-class restaurant; will furnish all the money. Address A. B., care Oregonian.

WANTED—FOR A SMALL family, a good girl. Apply at 1

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEwork. Apply at 1

WANTED—A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER; WAGES $20 per month; no children. Apply at 1

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEwork; wages $20 per month. 1

WANTED—A GIRL BETWEEN 15 AND 18 years of age to act as nurse. Call at room at 212 Front st. Stephens building. 1

FEW THOROUGHLY EXPERIENCED DRESSmakers can make yearly engagement; must be strictly first-class and reliable. Apply 1

WANTED A FIRST-CLASS MAN TO RUN with or and business; wages $60 to $75 a month. Address, with full particulars, Box 1, Portland. 1

WANTED—TWENTY MEN TO CUT CLEAR timber; 2 miles from town. Apply at 1

WANTED A YOUNG MAN TO TRAVEL IN Oregon; big wages to right man. 86 Second street, Portland. 1

WANTED—AGENTS.

WANTED A LOCAL AGENT IN EVERY town in the State to buy and sell poultry, eggs, etc. Liberal cash advances made. Highest market prices paid. Reference required. Address, with stamp, 1

WANTED—AGENTS TO HANDLE THE HARP of Columbia. Rose Hill Publishing Co., Franklin, Pa. 1

WANTED—AGENTS TO CANVASS FOR THE Illustrated Christian Weekly. Apply at 1

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

A RELIABLE YOUNG MAN OF GOOD HABits desires employment of any kind; can furnish best of references. Address A. B., care Oregonian.

A RESPECTABLE AND INDUSTRIOUS GIRL with excellent references, wishes a place to do housework; age 20; has no children; is a Protestant. Address A. C., 1

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED REAL estate. Pacific Fire Insurance Company, 209 Washington street. 206tf

MONEY TO LOAN ON HOUSEHOLD FURNIture and chattels or any desirable security (without removal or personal note). H. P. DEARMAN, 268 Alder st.

FISH, OYSTERS, GAME, POULTRY.

MALARKEY & CO., 128 FRONT ST. (P. O. A. MARkey), leading house, N. W. cor. Fourth and Morrison sts. Consignments and orders solicited.

TO RENT—ROOMS AND OFFICES.

MRS. GLOVER, 71 MORRISON ST. HAS three sunny front suites to rent. 717

NEATLY FURNISHED ROOMS WITH USE OF bath, 163 N. Fifteenth st., cor. Seventh. 916

TO RENT A COMFORTABLE FURNISHED front room for gentlemen at 214 Washington st., cor. Ninth. 951

FOR RENT IN SUITE OR SINGLE, SUITable rooms pleasantly located and use of bath. 148 Main st. 886

TO RENT—UNFURNISHED ROOMS ON FIRST floor, 43 Fourth st., south west cor. Pine. 917

FURNISHED ROOMS, EN SUITE OR SINGLE at 43½ Third st., cor. Ash. 911

FOR RENT—FRONT ALCOVE ROOM, ALSO smaller room, fire, bath. 94 Clay, cor. Fifth. 917

FOR RENT—HALL, 24x40 FEET, UP STAIRS cor. First and Williams streets. Key next door. Address LOUIS ARNOLD, Fulton, Or. 914

FOR RENT—ELEGANT FRONT PARLOR furnished bedroom, Brussels carpet, gas, bath; building and rooms new; furniture, gas, piano, $15. 911

TO RENT—HOUSES AND STORES.

STORE NO. 107 FRONT—STORY BRICK. Will be for rent April 1st. T. L. RAY, 45½ Morrison street, room 11. 981

HOUSE OF 11 ROOMS IN SPLENDID LOCAtion; 1 and North 20, 380 East 1 land convenient to street car line. Inquire on premises. 881

FOR RENT—A LARGE TWO-STORY BRICK building suitable for a factory or laundry. Inquire of FRANK BAUER'S corner house. 877

FURNISHED FOR UNFURNISHED HOUSE OF five rights of rooms will be left up or before March 1st, situated in the ten minutes walk from corner First and Washington sts. Both have all modern improvements. Address, stating terms and location, New corner, care Oregonian. 617

HOUSE FOR RENT IN EAST PORTLAND, between 16th and 17th. All modern improvements. Apply to P. Kiesh, 182 Third. 1001

FOR RENT A NEW 8-ROOM COTTAGE WITH bath and modern improvements at 489 Seventh st. Inquire at 447 Seventh st. 1 W. SLUSHER. 1003

TO RENT—ROOMS, WITH BOARD.

TO RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS WITH BOARD for gentlemen; also table board. 1

FURNISHED ROOMS AND PRIVATE BOARD for gentlemen only at 305 Third st.; references.

FOR RENT—FRONT ROOM WITH BOARD for gentlemen. No. 5 Eighth st. 911

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE—FOR CASH, GOOD BARBER SHOP in Eastern Washington, in good town; good reason for selling. F. L. MARTIN, Palouse City, W. T. 993

SALOON FOR SALE THAT IS PAYING WELL and in good location. Apply at 247 Front st. business cards corner East. 877

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY WELL INSULTED for sale cheap. Satisfactory reason for selling. Inquire of WOODARD, CLARKE & CO., 141 First st., Portland, Or. 911

FOR SALE—A GOOD PAYING BUSINESS FOR an energetic man with $5000. For full particulars address W. F. P., 1552 Cass st., Tacoma, W. T. This is an opportunity this issue has offered. 991

BRICK YARD FOR SALE WITHIN HALF mile of city limits; 15 to 18 acres; Willamette valley; tools and everything complete for running two kilns; good house and water works on the land; in the county. For particulars address BURBANK & KENNY, Albany, Or. 969

COUNTRY STORE FOR SALE 11 MILES from Portland; doing a good cash business; telegraph postoffice and railroad station in same building. Apply to A. J. Hamilton, Beaverton, Or. 1000

FOR SALE—HALF INTEREST IN NEW MILL; eighty acres land on navigable river in Washington territory; abundance of fine timber; paying with cash increase. The only steam saw mill on Grays Bay. Address W. T. or Geo. Lawrence, 71 First st., Portland, Or. 9510

FOR SALE A DESIRABLE DRUG STORE IN Eastern Washington territory; a big good trade; satisfactory reason for selling. Inquire of Snell Hellehu & Woodard. Lockf

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SAM WAH CHINESE LAUNDRY WASHING, ironing and polishing. Fulton, Oregon. 87

GRAND EASTERN SALOON, 87 N. FIRST ST. Best Lunch. Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Warner & Porter, Proprietors. 97

MASSAGE MISS MANWIT WILL TREAT patients at their residence. Address No. 435 Ninth st. 9

MISS FLINN, RESTAURANT AT FAULKNER'S old stand. Private dining rooms and chairs to let. Table board, $4 per week. 977

MISS VIRGINIA MRS. HENRY SHEELER, BEING Mrs. Dr. Jones' successor, will continue to No. 8 Third st. near F. 1

SCHOOL OF CIVIL, MECHANICAL, MINING, Engineering, Surveying, Architecture, Assaying, 28 Market, San Francisco, Cal. A. VAN DER NAILLEN, Director.

MRS. E. DARRAH, METAPHYSICIAN AND Mental Healer of Christian Science, 44 Ninth st., cor. Main. Class instructions $5. Consultation free. 1

NERVOUS DISEASES AND RHEUMATISM disappear and permanently cured by Dr. Sill's Electric Belts. Druggists sell them. Address DR. SILL, Portland, Oregon. Call on First National Bank building.

GERMAN BARQUE "CHRISTIAN" FROM Ensenada, from Santa Rosalia, Neither the master nor the undersigned consignees of the aforenamed vessel will be responsible for debts that may be contracted by the crew. CASPAR & CO., Consignees. 915

JOHN THOMPSON & CO. HAVE BEEN APpointed agents for the purchasing of stock of the Columbia River Packers' Association, and will purchase Fraser River Sockeye Salmon, and all other kinds of fish. Highest market price paid for Salmon and Steelhead Trout. 1

REWARD. I WILL GIVE A REWARD OF TEN Dollars for the arrest and conviction of any person caught stealing the Daily or Sunday Oregonian, with or without the name of Alder st. 24m D. J. MOORE, Route Agent.

PETER JOHN MIDDLEMORE, WHO LEFT Port Augusta, South Australia, on or about September 27, 1874, and afterwards came to Portland, Oregon, was ill living on the second day of August, 1881, and if he died before that date his heirs or their representatives (if any) are entitled under the will of his father Peter Middlemore to a share in his real estate. Claims must be sent to me before March 31, 1889. DENMORE HEATHERWICK, 973 44 Washington st.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—THE COPARTNER ship heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name and style of Kelly, Dunne & Co., has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Joel Kelly having sold and transferred his interest in said firm and is absent from the State. The undersigned will continue the business of said firm under the name and style of Dunne & Co., and will assume the payment of all just claims against said firm and all claims and demands due said firm are to be paid to said new firm. Portland, Oregon, February 1, 1889. 996

SHORTHAND AND TYPE WRITING.—MRS. L. D. Grissom, formerly in charge of the Shorthand Department of the Portland Business College has resumed her position as teacher of Shorthand, Typewriting and Penmanship. Lessons by mail or at office. Terms reasonable. Call or address 1 Bean Block, corner Fourth and Yamhill sts., Portland, Or. 1

SHORTHAND AND TYPE WRITING.—MISS L. D. Grissom, formerly in charge of the Shorthand Department of the Portland Business College has resumed her position as teacher of Shorthand, Typewriting and Penmanship. Lessons by mail or at office. Terms reasonable. Call or address 1 Bean Block, corner Fourth and Yamhill sts., Portland, Or. 1

FOR SALE—A FINE FARM OF 10 ACRES, 7 cleared, all fenced, with new house of 5 rooms, barn, well, fruit, etc.; 1½ miles from Gresham station; 15 miles from Portland; price $1,500; terms easy. Inquire of owner, A. M. TILTON, 204 First st. 1

FOR SALE—A FINE FARM OF 10 ACRES, 7 cleared, all fenced, with new house of 5 rooms, barn, well, fruit, etc.; 1½ miles from Gresham station; 15 miles from Portland; price $1,500; terms easy. Inquire of owner, A. M. TILTON, 204 First st. 1

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

REDUCTION IN SOUTH ADDITION LOTS. Inquire of RUSSELL & MACKOLL, 147 First st.

FRACTIONS ON BASELINE ROAD AT LIN-ton station. A. BALMANNO, 1 Sherlock building, Portland.

FOR SALE—$1000 IMPROVED COTTAGE IN East Portland. Inquire of A. BALMANNO, 1 Sherlock building, Portland.

FOR SALE A FINE FARM OF 10 ACRES, 7 cleared, all fenced, with new house of 5 rooms, barn, well, fruit, etc.; 1½ miles from Gresham station; 15 miles from Portland; price $1,500; terms easy. Inquire of owner, A. M. TILTON, 204 First st. 1

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$1450 BUYS 5 ROOMS IN REAR OF 107 Front st. Inquire of T. L. RAY, 45½ Morrison st. 981

FOR SALE—HEAP IF YOU OBTAIN Engine, circular saw and mandrel, for dwelling, barn, wood. Lots for sale in Albina; terms easy. Inquire of owner, 1 Sherlock building, Portland. 1

FOR SALE—A GOOD PAYING BUSINESS from $1000 to $2000 required. Address, with full particulars, Assembly Rooms, care Oregonian. 1

FOR SALE—A GOOD PAYING BUSINESS from $1000 to $2000 required. Address, with full particulars, Assembly Rooms, care Oregonian. 1

FOR SALE REAL ESTATE IN MINNEAPOLIS.

FOR SALE—A HANDSOME NEW BABY Carriage. Address H. R., care Oregonian. 882

SALE POSITIVE. LADIES' DESIRE DOOR. Quarter Sawed Oak Rocker. Cheap. T. HUMAN & SON, 42 Front. 982

FOR SALE A GOOD CALIGRAPH TYPEwriter; cost $100. Inquire at 5 North Front.

FOR SALE—8-HORSEPOWER ENGINE AND 12-horse power boiler; pump and heater complete; in the Eighteenth ward. Price $300. Inquire on premises. 970tm

A NICE GUN AND FAMILY COULD Be Worked on shares. Inquire on premises at CEDAR & WALKER'S, corner Front and Ash. 961tm

FOR SALE A HAN Mare HORSE; DEFIance wagon and Inquire No. 8 Third st.

SADDLE FOR SALE. CHEAP. INQUIRE AT reasonable terms; best location in the city. Address Lock box 95, Post Portland. 746

FOR SALE—DELIVERY BUSINESS IN VANcouver, W. T. For particulars inquire of Mr. Belcher, Vancouver, W. T. 974

FOR SALE—EASY TERMS A FIRST-CLASS Boot and Shoe business; stock and fixtures; 29 rooms; best location in Portland; invoicing about $10,000; satisfactory reasons for selling. Address, for interview, 24 hours, 1

MACHINISTS.

WHEELER & WICKER MACHINISTS, COR. F and Third sts. Housework, doors, mouldings, iron shutters and machinery of all descriptions, planing and scrolling work to order.

PORTLAND AND VICINITY.

DEATH OF LEVI ANDERSON.—Another old pioneer of Portland has passed away. Levi Anderson died at his home, No. 245 second street, yesterday afternoon at 3:45 o'clock, at the advanced age of 78 years. Mr. Anderson was born near Lancaster, Fairfax county, Ohio. He came to this land in 1844, and settled down in what was then the little, scattering provincial town of Portland. He was one of those early pioneers who could see for this city a greater future. With the exception of four years Mr. Anderson continued his residence in this city and has seen the place expand from an insignificant country hamlet into a commercial metropolis of 60,000 people. For a time he occupied the office of police recorder, a position which he filled with ability and credit to himself. In his business relations he always held the esteem and confidence of all with whom he came in contact. He was a prominent member of the Catholic church, an honest and upright citizen, and a true and faithful friend. His many manly qualities won for him a host of friends, who upon most intimate knowledge of Mr. Anderson had learned to love him. For the past two years he has been gradually failing in health, and during the past week his illness developed into a fatal termination. He was a kind husband and father. A wife survives Mr. Anderson, and one son and one daughter.

WHAT MRS. BARRALL CLAIMS.—Mrs. Barrall, who lives at No. 281½ Front street, and who, as will be remembered, grew in song and notoriety as Frank White and Frank Barrall, made a statement in her own behalf. Mrs. Barrall claims that White and Cobb left her half dead on the floor in the morning from a violent collision. He tried to get out of the house at 4 o'clock, but Lee Ryan, a tenant, met him at the door and forbade his exit. Cobb, calling Lee Ryan aside, had a consultation among the lodgers. Mrs. Barrall told him to go home, as she was not hurt much, and he refused to do so. He finally left the house and struck the intruder over the head with a piece of board.

FORCE OFFICERS INSPECTION.—The entire police force will meet at the city jail at 2 o'clock this afternoon for inspection and muster parade. As this will be the first inspection of the police department since the consolidation of their new uniforms, the event will not be without interest even to the members themselves. The officers are divided into several shifts and the men of one shift have often wondered how the men in the other squad look in those new uniforms. This will be an opportunity when all officers, regulars and specials, will have the opportunity of seeing each other.

WILL BE DULY ORGANIZED.—The following, note which bears the caption of "Lutherans Take Notice," is self-explanatory: "Rev. G. H. Gerberding of Fargo, Dakota, is in the city. He comes to look into the feasibility of organizing an English Lutheran church here. He will preach an English sermon and conduct service at the Swedish Lutheran church on B street, between Ninth and Tenth, at half past 7 o'clock Sunday afternoon. All Lutherans and others who wish an English Lutheran church in Portland are earnestly invited to attend this service. Rev. Gerberding will also make an English address in the same church in the evening."

PAVED STREETS FOR EAST SIDE.—Thomas I. Nixon, one of the principal capitalists of Tacoma, is paying Portland a visit, and while here is making a thorough examination of the paved streets with a view to submitting a report on street improvements to the city authorities on his return home. Mr. Nixon is not delegated by the authorities of Tacoma to look this matter up, but has for a long time been identified with nearly all the public enterprises of the city, and he is now simply exercising some of his meritorious public spirit in a work for the general good of the people.

THEY BELIEVE HIM INSANE.—Captain Belden and a number of other prominent citizens who have visited Chief Signal Engineer Symons in confinement in the county jail are more pronounced in their opinions than ever that the prisoner is insane. The peculiar actions and utterances of the man led Coroner Fredericks to get into a big difficulties, and the complete disappearance with which he looks upon the crime he has committed and the imprisonment he now confronts has created the belief in the minds of his friends that he is insane. None of Symons friends from San Francisco have yet arrived.

THE BIG PAVILION.—The work of painting and decorating the large concert hall of the immense building of the North Pacific Industrial Association is progressing favorably under the management of Messrs. Berger & Boek. The band and orchestra platform, 40x16 feet, is finished. The back drop curtain, 40x100 feet, is the largest canvas ever painted in the United States. The floor, seating 4,000 persons, is complete. The boxes, 24 in number, are now being finished. The whole wood work necessary to finish the floor of the hall is to the 1st of the arch, 150 x 250 feet.

IN SHORT.—Mr. B. Pyle of Corvallis was in the city yesterday.—Supervisors Weidler has been appointed a deputy United States Assessor of internal revenue.—Mr. Ingle, City Assessor, returned yesterday from a visit to Salem.—Mr. Ingle has completed the assessment roll of this city, and will be ready to turn it over to the Board of Equalization on the 18th inst.—Mr. Ingle has been engaged on the assessment roll for the past two months, and has had a very difficult task to perform.—The Portland Academy of Music will open its doors to the public this evening.—The Portland Academy of Music will open its doors to the public this evening.—The Portland Academy of Music will open its doors to the public this evening.

CITY GAS.—The new gas company is now ready for business, and will be ready for business on March 1, at 50 cents per 1,000 feet. The company has a large force of men at work laying mains, and will have the city thoroughly covered with pipes before the 1st of March. The company has been organized with a capital stock of $1,000,000, and has the right to issue bonds to the amount of $500,000. The company has a franchise for 50 years, and will have the right to erect poles and string wires for electric lights. The company has also the right to lay pipes for the conveyance of natural gas, should it be found in sufficient quantities to warrant the expense.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.—The Portland & Vancouver Railway company will run trains as follows to-day for the benefit of those wishing to attend the dress parade and concert at the Barracks: Leave Portland, corner of Front street, East Portland, at 7:15, 9:15 and 10:40 A. M., 2:15, 3:15 and 5:15 P. M. Leave Vancouver at 8:30 and 11:15 A. M. and 1:30, 4:30 and 6:30 P. M. Two trains will run in each direction immediately after the concert, and all who may wish to attend.

A GRAND SPECTACLE.—Don't fail to leave from 11 A. M. to 10 P. M. the Grand Cosmorama Depot, to visitors. It is indescribable; you must go to see it again and again. For an hour or two on Sunday afternoon or evening there is no better or more instructive entertainment in the City. It is the magnificent event that has taken place on the coast of Africa. It is akin, a lesson in history and patriotism.

POSTPAID.—Now that the matter of free and transportation from the East Portland Ferry has been settled, we call the attention of the public to the fact that we have a first-class wood yard, and are prepared to fill orders promptly. Leave orders at the office of the East Portland Ferry, foot of Morrison street, or at our wood yard, corner Front and Stark streets. Telephone No. 1. Portland, Oregon, February 1, 1889. 996

SAD NEWS.—Miss Cadleman, agent of the O. R. and N. Western Union, at Lewiston, arrived in Portland, was summoned to Oakland Monday by a dispatch announcing the dangerous illness of her mother, Mrs. Hall. A few hours after her arrival she received a telegram announcing that her mother died before she reached her bedside.

QUEEN'S.—The new oriental and suit house will be ready for business on March 1, at 107 Third street, near Morrison, and the firm name will be Mee Gee Mee Wah. The building will be fitted up in Chinese and Japanese styles of architecture.

STEAMER FOR SAN FRANCISCO.—The steamer Oregon, after having been unavoidably detained for over a month on account of a broken shaft, will positively leave for San Francisco this evening. All passengers and freight will be taken on board this evening.

ONE ON BUSH & BUTLER.—We have to announce to-day from Fifth and Morrison at 2:02 P. M. sharp.

OREGON CITY BRIDGE.—Beautiful view. Take steamer Latona Sundays, 10 A. M. Foot of Street.

POWER FOR SALE.—Power and plants at Burkhardt Bros., Sprints, Twenty second and G.

WHERE TO DINE TO-DAY.

Fine dinner sets the usual fine Sunday dinner which can be had to-day all the day and all the week. It will be an excellent spread in every respect.

When considering the merits of the different restaurants with a view to selecting one at which to eat your Sunday dinner, those of the Esmond should not be overlooked. The management makes special efforts to get up an attractive bill of fare for dinner on Sundays, and that the efforts are successful, the increased patronage do that day fully proves.

An elegant dinner can be had at the U. S. Restaurant, 29 Morrison street, for 25 cents any time between 12 A. M. and 7 P. M.

PORTLAND

Feb. 9th, 1889,

One Day Only!

PRICES TALK!

For One Day we will sell you CHILDREN'S SUITS lower than you have ever bought them

PRICES NEVER BEFORE OFFERED IN PORTLAND

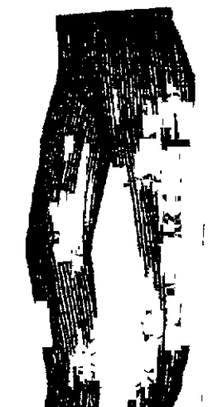
$10.00 Pants now	$8.00
9.00 Pants now	7.50
8.00 Pants now	6.50
7.50 Pants now	6.50
7.00 Pants now	6.00
6.00 Pants now	4.50
5.00 Pants now	3.50

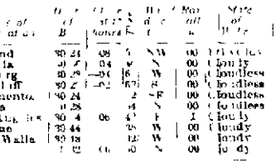
ALSO

HEAVY WEIGHT OVERCOATS AT COST.

SEE OUR SHOW WINDOW.

Corner First and Morrison.





H. H. LITTLE, Manufacturer of LADIES' Fine Dresses, Wedding Outfits a specialty. Third & Alder. P. O. Box 1007. Parlors with Mrs. J. Rothchild.

PORTLAND

Corner First and Morrison.

One Price to All

SOLE AGENCY MME. DEMOREST'S RELIABLE PATTERNS

Priestley's Silk Warp Henriettas

Are the most *thoroughly reliable goods in the market*. They are made of the finest silk and best Australian wool. You can easily distinguish them by their softness and beauty and regularity of finish. They are always the same in *quality, weight, width* and *shade*, thus enabling you to match any piece, and are dyed in two standards of black. None genuine unless rolled on the "*Varnished Board*," showing the grain of the wood, which is the Priestley Trade-Mark.

FEBRUARY

MONDAY, FEBRUARY

Will be the Commencement of the Termination of Our Series of Great Winter Sales.

TWO WEEKS MORE,

And the winter campaign will be a thing of the past. We have fought a good fight and secured our share of the business. For the latter we are truly thankful. We have waged war against high prices and been ably seconded by a willing public. Our motto

"ONE PRICE TO ALL,"

Has become a household word, and every mother knows that she can send her little one that is just barely capable of finding its way to our store alone to make a purchase and be sure of supplying her wants the same as though she came in person. This coupled with the fact that we always sell our goods for just what they actually are and never attempting to conceal defects or flaws when they exist, as they sometimes do, is what has induced the public to believe in us and has created a trade for THE FARMERS AND MECHANICS' STORE second to none in the City of Portland.

OUR TRADE MARK,

The Farmers' & Mechanics' Store,

Accompanied by the cut of the bared arm of the son of toil we are proud of. We are workers ourselves and feel proud of that also.

Some of our well-wishing friends have suggested to us that we drop the title of "THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' STORE" and adopt the more high sounding one of "PRAGER BROS." To all such we return our sincere thanks for their kindly suggestion. We know that the advice was well meant and accepted it in the spirit it was offered. In the early days of our commercial existence "Our Title" may have operated against us to a slight extent, as it conveyed the impression to some that we only carried the cheaper grades of goods. That was an erroneous impression and has been most effectually erased, and the Portland public has learned that we carry not only cheap and medium grades of goods, but the very finest of fabrics turned off the loom.

ALL ARE WELCOME

Within our doors, the poor, the rich, and the moderately well-to-do. We make no class distinction. It is a strict rule of our house that every woman that enters our door is to be treated as a lady, and every man as a gentleman. We cannot vary this rule and no right thinking person will desire us to do so.

OUR BUILDING,

We are free to confess, is only a shell (the pearl is found inside a shell, you know), and presents rather a tumble down appearance from the outside, but, once within, the scene changes, and the beholder views with amazement the rich display of goods from all parts of the globe.

FAIR LADIES

Of Portland there are some of you whose eyes may glance over these lines that may never have been within the walls of "THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' STORE." Reader, if you happen to be one of that number, take our advice, and any time between now and March 1st visit our establishment and examine our goods. This is not an invitation to purchase, but an invitation extended to you for the purpose of giving you an opportunity of informing yourself as to the class of goods we handle and the prices we offer them at, as compared with other houses. We make a specialty of filling European orders for goods that are not ordinarily carried in stock by American houses. We solicit your patronage for any commission of that nature.

FRIDAY, FEB.

Our annual residue sale of all broken lots, odd lengths, etc., will commence and continue until March 1st.

EVERY DEPARTMENT

Of our establishment included except the CLOTHING DEPARTMENT, which will be closed after February 18th, in order to allow the contractor to proceed with the work of remodeling the same. Remember well that for the coming week you can secure the greatest bargains ever offered in the Clothing line. Gentlemen, we invite you, one and all, to this sale. Our prices speak for us.

Store Closes at 7 P. M., sharp,

The Farmers' & Mechanics' Store,

260, 202, 204, 206 First St., 6 and 8 Taylor St.

SEE OUR SHOW WINDOWS.

The Leading Clothier, Merchant Tailor and Hatter of the Northwest.

ALL PASSENGERS ALLOWED TO LAND.

A Clean Bill of Health Sent With the Steamer Oregon from the Health Officer at Astoria.

Mayor Van Bibber, Health Officer of Portland, and Dr. Sheridan Myers were down on the dock at the foot of Ash street to-day when the steamer Oregon arrived from Astoria. The report of the steamer having had on board no suspicious patients before passing up was decided a reassuring fact, as every precaution to guard against it was impossible, in case of the disease in this city. In fact this one case justified the authorities here in making a thorough examination of every vessel and boat and the steamer Oregon being a towing, the two had been.

Several members of the board of health remained at the dock to meet the passengers on the arrival of the steamer, but as the report of it however for the boat did not obtain an opportunity to go on board until this afternoon.

Dr. Myers made a thorough examination of the engines last night and found the sanitary portion of the ship in excellent condition. The boat is now at the Oregon dock, and the passengers are all aboard, and the vessel had cast off her lines and left the dock at 8:30 this morning.

The Board of Health, Dr. Sheridan Myers, stated that he had carefully examined the condition of the steamer Oregon and found her free from contagion and he granted leave to this port. He found no case of fever to develop, although an isolated case of the disease existed on the boat. He found no case of fever to develop, although an isolated case of the disease existed on the boat. He found no case of fever to develop, although an isolated case of the disease existed on the boat.

QUARANTINE AGAINST SAN FRANCISCO.

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U. S. SIGNAL SERVICE WEATHER REPORT.

[illegible]

Stations.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Wind.		Rainfall.	State of Weather.
			Direction.	Velocity.		
Portland	30.24	38	NW	10	0	Fair
Olympia	30.26	34	W	10	0	Cloudy
Roseburg	30.28	36	W	10	0	Cloudless
Red Bluff	30.22	52	E	00	0	Cloudless
Sacramento	30.24	52	W	00	0	Cloudless
Tatoosh	30.28	44	W	00	0	Cloudless
Port Angeles	30.30	40	W	00	0	Cloudy
Spokane	30.24	36	W	00	0	Cloudy
Walla Walla	30.28	42	W	00	0	Cloudy
Lewiston	30.26	40	W	00	0	Cloudy

Local Report.

Period of Observation	Barometer	Temperature	Direction of Wind	Velocity of Wind	Rainfall	Weather
5 A. M.	30.24	38	NW	10	0	Fair
5 P. M.	30.24	46	NW	8	0	Fair

Maximum temperature, 48.0. Minimum temperature, 34.0. Total rainfall, 0. Total snowfall, 0. Number of miles run by wind, 240. Number of hours of sunshine, 9.

Local Report.

| Period of Observation | Barometer | Temperature | Direction of Wind | Velocity of Wind | Rainfall | Weather |

QUEEN OF BEDLAM.

A Romance of Frontier Army Life.

—BY—

CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "Marion's Faith," "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Deserter," "From the Ranks," "A War-Time Wooing," "Dunraven Ranch," and "Between the Lines."

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CHAPTER XI.

Four days had passed since Terry's flight down the river. McLean painfully wounded, but very quiet and plucky, had been reestablished in his old quarters at "Bedlam." Doctor Bayard after one or two somewhat formal visits, had relinquished entire charge of the case to his assistant, so that Doctor Weeks was now the medical and surgical attendant of both the young officers in the north hall while his senior continued assiduously to care for the wants of the feminine colony in the other. It may be said right here that so far as those sturdy "refugees" the Posts, were concerned professional and personal attentions from Doctor Bayard were both declared unnecessary. Mrs. Post was a woman of admirable physique and somewhat fortunable personality. She did not fancy the elaborate manners of the post surgeon at their very first meeting and allowed her lack of appreciation of His Excellency to develop into positive dislike before she had known him a fortnight. Now since the week end had become a hospital she was willing to admit the doctor to her confidence for the good woman was mercenary in the preparation of comforting drinks or culinary dainties for the two invalids but what was the measure of her indignation when she discovered Bayard's attentions at Bedlam were confined to the south hall and to Mrs. Forrest's quarters.

He had always been a specialist in the maladies of women and children, to be sure and we all know of what vital importance are such practitioners in our large garrisons. He was a welcome visitor either at the fireside or in the sick room at every family homestead on the reservation—except Mrs. Post's—whensoever he chose to call but that his presence at Mrs. Forrest's should be requisite and necessary three or four times every twenty four hours was something Mrs. Post could not be brought to believe, and her scepticism speedily inoculated the entire community.

Mrs. Forrest declared she did not know how she could have lived through the terrors of the past week had it not been for Dr. Bayard's delicate, skilful ministrations. The doctor himself was understood to say that the poor lady's nervous system was utterly unstrung; that she was in a hypersensitive condition which might readily develop into nervous prostration unless she was carefully guarded. The men of the garrison when they spoke of the matter at all, which was not often, laughingly referred to the admirable tactics of the astute physician in finding excuses for frequent professional visits to a house where he was now apparent to all he was personally interested. The women, when they did not speak of the matter to one another, which was seldom indeed, were divided in their opinions. That Doctor Bayard was 'smitten' with Fanny Forrest was something they had seen from the start, but that brilliant and most incomprehensible young woman had on more than one occasion treated him with marked coldness and aversion. What was the matter? Had he been too precipitate in his wooing? Twice since Hatton returned with his little escort bringing in the wounded had Miss Forrest declined Dr. Bayard's arm, and, on the other hand, while she seemed to repel the senior, she was now showing a marked interest in his junior the attendant of the wounded officers. Twice while Dr. Bayard was known to be visiting at the Forrests she was seen to come forth and, after an irresolute glance up and down the walk as though she had no other purpose in venturing out than to escape from her elderly admirer the young lady had walked down the path away from the officers' quarters and disappeared from view in the direction of the traders' store. Some of the ladies were beginning to bolt the fruit de mauvais. The doctor was coming himself to a realization with the lack-lustre patient but it was speedily noted that he stayed only a few moments whenever Miss Forrest left the premises and the idea was as speedily coated by the entire sisterhood, unless indeed we except the lady herself. Poor Mrs. Forrest. In the days of her faded beauty she could not forget the fact that it was only a few years before that her youthful complexion and indeed blue eyes had been the cause of much a-heartache among the young fellows in the garrison where she the only damsel reigned supreme and live there a woman who loving once paused it over the hearts of the opposite sex can quite abandon the idea that her powers still exist.

Knowing from past declarations to that effect that her spirited sister-in-law totally disapproved of Doctor Bayard after a conversation held with him the night McLean was returned to the post Mrs. Forrest was slow to flatter herself that these frequent visits to her were impelled by an interest transcending the professional and rapidly becoming sentimental. It really did her good gave her something to think about besides her woes, rescued her from the slough of despond in which she was sinking and restored a faded coquetry to her dreary eyes and mien, br gatted her dreary eyes and lent color to her pallid cheek and prompted her to surround herself with those domestic barricades against unhallowed glances or unwarranted sighs—the children. But when Fanny Forrest flatly told her it was all nonsense, this encouraging Dr. Bayard's visits on account of some supposititious malady and that she was looking better than he had seen her look in six months the lady took flame at the first statement and alarm at the second and between the two a relapse was accomplished which of course triumphantly established the justice of her position and the ineffable density of her sister's charge.

Fanny Forrest's life could hardly have been pleasant just then and superficial comment more. For every woman who called upon the lady of the house in her invalided state Mrs. Forrest had something to say about the heartlessness and utter lack of sympathy with which she was treated and who can doubt that the letters she wrote her soldier husband made frequent complaint to the same effect. Now if in the domestic circle Miss Forrest had no friend or sympathizer it was quite as bad without. With all her frankness her affiliancy had dash with all her willingness to be cordial and friendly there had arisen between her and the whole station a barrier as impalpable, intangible but impenetrable as air. Newness welcome nowhere and was too proud to inquire the cause.

This state of things could not go long as a matter of course. Sooner or later the reason would be demanded by somebody and then the stories would come out. Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Bruce are recorded in an earlier chapter had covenanted together to keep the secret but that mysterious theft the night of the dinner at the doctor's had made the former determine on and her revelation to her husband and master the post commander. As for Mrs. Bruce she struggled well womanfully to hold her tongue, and womanfully succeeded.

Two nights after McLean had been brought home and was lying in a somewhat feverish condition the major commanding came in and softly tapped at the door of the front room. Hatton was seated at the table reading by the light of the argand and he arose at once and tiptoed to see who was there.

"Come in major," he said in a low tone to the young officer on the door. "Come in. McLean asleep?" whispered the major.

"I don't want to disturb him. I only wanted to see—"

"No, sir, but lying in a sort of doze. Will you sit or light?"

"I believe—I understand. It may be several days before I will be enough to—to talk with him," and the major gazed keenly at Hatton's eyes and Hatton plainly saw the trouble in his commander's face.

"I fear it may be, sir. Weeks says he must be kept quiet and free from worry of any kind."

The major paused irresolute. He took off his cap and mopped his brow with his handkerchief, then stood there twisting the cap in his hands. He looked down the dim hallway, then through the crack of the door, then down at his boots and all the time Hatton stood there holding wide open the door yet hoping and praying he would not come in. Something told the lieutenant that the matter so plainly worrying the commanding officer was one neither he nor McLean would speak of if it could possibly be helped.

But Miller was in sore trouble and he could not stand alone.

"Hatton!" he muttered impulsively, "is the nurse there? Can you come out with me? I—I have heard something this afternoon that gives me a world of concern something I must ask you about. I can't talk of it here. Sick men's ears are sometimes far more acute than those of their sound and healthy brothers. Can you come now?"

"I am alone with Mac just now, sir. I sent the attendant down to the postoffice and the store. He had been cooped up all day and was grateful for a little fresh air. When he returns— and Hatton stopped vaguely. He knew it might be an hour before the man got back. That would give him time to think.

"Well that will have to do. Come to my quarters then and if a lot of women are there you can say you want to see me about something anything and I'll come out. I don't want them to dream I'm wrestling anything!" And here the major stopped pleasantly and glanced up stairs, then looked inquiringly at Hatton. "Who is up there?" he asked.

"No one sir to my knowledge. Blunt's door is closed and he is sleeping. Weeks was there not ten minutes since and stopped to see me on the way down. Why do you ask?"

"Why—I thought I heard something a woman's dress and light footfall. I even thought I saw a shadow at the head of the stairs."

Hatton's heart gave a great thump and he felt his face glowing under his commander's gaze, but he answered steadily.

"It is possible sir. Mrs. Post and Mrs. Forrest both have been coming along the upper gallery frequently bringing things to both Blunt and McLean. Mrs. Post comes over to inquire every hour or so and they tip toe in and out as light as a kitten. Shall I run up and see?"

"Oh, no—no! If that is the explanation it is simple enough. No. I'm all upset. I—I fancied there was some one listening. Come to me as soon as you can, Hatton. By the way have you heard from Mr. Holmes?"

"No, sir. He was called suddenly to the ranch and I presume he is there."

"I know, I know. But did he see McLean before he left?"

"See him! Yes, sir, but that's about all he could do. McLean was in no condition to receive visitors and Weeks bustled him out somewhat unceremoniously."

"Well. That's all just now. I'll expect you soon after tattoo."

"Very good sir."

And then the major went away closing the hall door after him. Hatton stood there a moment as though rooted to the spot. His brow moistening with beads of sweat that seemed starting from every pore. Despite his secrecy then despite McLean's destruction of the evidence of her visit the night of the disappearance of their property, despite their determination to shield the sister of an absent comrade from suspicion or disgrace, in some way the story must have gotten around. Possibly there were other thefts of which he knew nothing in which suspicion had pointed to her. Possibly the vague confession implicating no one which he had made to Mrs. Miller, taken in connection with events of which he had no knowledge had proved sufficient to weave a chain of circumstantial evidence about her and now the commanding officer was aroused and was coming down on him and poor Mac powder in the full details of their losses and their knowledge of the affair. He would give anything to secure the postponement of that dreaded interview until he could talk over matters with his comrade, but when would that be a possibility? Just as soon as the attendant returned he must go to his commander and either make a clean breast of it or refuse to utter a word. What course would he ask or expect of a comrade it was before Hatton, a man who was helpless and defenseless? By heaven McLean was right! They must shield her so far as to hold it in reserve until Terry herself could come to be her adviser and protector.

Then he too stepped listened and looked up the stairs. Then he too started but with a start to which the major's sudden move was mere languid gesture. Hardly could he believe his eyes. Hardly could he trust his reeling senses but it was she—Fanny Forrest—not standing at the head of the stairs but coming swiftly down upon him her finger at her lips her other hand gathering her skirts so that they should make as little rustle as possible as she swooped quickly down the stairs. Another instant and she was at his side, her eyes upon him like fiery coals her face burning, her lips firm set and determined. He was too much startled to speak. It was she who broke the silence in words clear cut and distinct—yet soft and low.

"Mr. Hatton I saw your major coming here. I have heard within two days more than you know. I know why he wishes to see you to night and—yes I listened. There's more at stake than you dream of now. I have to—there is no time to explain no time to answer questions. If you would save a friend from wrong and ruin don't go near Major Miller to night. I adjure you and some excuse. I'll find one for you if it is only to delay that attendance but mark what I say. Don't go near Major Miller to night or tell him what you know and Mr. Holmes returns. I—I've sent for him. Will you promise?"

Promise! He utters slowly a dazed look in his eyes. "Good God, Miss Forrest, I would do anything in my power for Captain Forrest's sake and for him but if this thing is known what can any silence avail?"

"Never mind Captain Forrest or Captain Forrest's sister. This is vital. Do you promise? It is only for a day. Mr. Holmes will be here in twenty four hours."

Mr. Holmes! His coming or going person me but I am at a loss to see how he is in any way concerned.

A manly step was heard on the porch without. She turned a glance of terror at the hall door and flew to spring the latch but the step went on toward the south hall.

It is the doctor," she said falteringly. He is going to our quarters and I must hurry back the way I came, Mr. Hatton. Tell no one I came to you be on and as for the rest I implore you to be guided by what I say. One thing more." She whipped from her pocket a white silk handkerchief. Put the back on my left hand not on my but any where among them of the pack.

And then flinging the soft fabric out his hand without another word she flew up the old wooden stairs, her skirts rushing and swishing over the floor, her slippered feet twinkling over the rickety flight light as kittens' feet as terriers and in an instant she was through the upper hall, out on the gallery and beyond sight and hearing. A few moments dazed and dumbfounded Hatton stood there gazing vacantly after her. Then he thought he heard McLean's voice, and entering found him propped on his elbow a queer look on his face.

"Hat there are spooks in this old rookery. I could have sworn I heard a woman's dress and a woman's footfalls on those creaking stairs just now. Has any one been in here, Mac?"

"No one but you."

"Odd. I'm not dreaming. It sounded just as I did the night—the night that the fight happened. You know, Hat."

CHAPTER XII.

Just at tattoo that evening Mrs. Miller was seized with a sudden desire to go over and see Nellie Bayard. The child had been out of the house she explained since the fevers started for the fray down the Platte taking Lardell McLean with them. She longed to see her and learn from her own lips how matters were going at home. She worried for Nellie. Few know of either was devoting himself to the Forrests she would feel if the gentle and obedient daughter would not rebel at the idea of such a possibility as his becoming seriously attached to Miss Forrest. She had indulged the major in one very plain and startling dissertation on the subject of that young woman and the effects of which he was still suffering but worst of all her motherly heart longed to acquire, through Nellie's words looks or actions, some idea as to whether she really cared for her pet among all the lieutenants. Of course Nellie liked—but did she love him? Of McLean's deep rooted regard for the shy and sensitive little maiden Mrs. Miller had not the shadow of a doubt. Nellie had no one, she argued, to be a mother to her in this troublesome time and yet she was beginning to feel a species of jealousy in the knowledge that the Bruces and the Gordons and other good garrison people—maid and matron—had been seen going constantly to and from the Doctor's quarters. Mrs. Miller thought she had a prior claim on the confidences of the doctor's pretty daughter, and did not relish it that others should possibly be before her. Oddly enough there was no one calling on this night of nights, the major had been out ostensibly to attend to business at the office, but something told her he was seeking information as to the array of circumstances pointing to the fact that there was further evidence against Miss Forrest.

The bugles were sounding the call through the stillness of the early summer night though at Laramie summer seemed yet far away when she heard him coming heavily up the steps to the piazza. Well the good lady knew by the very cadence of his footfalls just what mood possessed him. It was slow, dragging, spiritless to-night and though he had almost angrily and contemptuously checked her when she began the story of these later revelations, her heart yearned over him now. She went down to him as he sat there looking drearily out at the twinkling lights across the parade.

"Come major," she said addressing him as was a fancy of hers at times by the formal army title that of the Christian name. "Come I'm going over to the doctor's to see how Nellie is to-night, and not that I need an escort, I want your company. A glass of iced Madeira will do you good and I have always glad to offer it. You are up to-night and so am I. Come."

He resisted feebly. Hatton might be along any moment and he had an appointment with him. He said, but she gently settled that by calling the orderly and telling him should Mr. Hatton call to come over at once to Doctor Bayard's and set them at rest know. Then her obedient but hurt to further objections to urge and he, too had thought himself on the doctor's. Mirlend and there a man under the Regina Britannia. Nowhere in Wyoming were there cigars to match Bayard's and it was easy to persuade himself that he could so much better deliberate on the matter in hand over the fragrance of the soothing Havana. Colbert threw open the door in hospitable Virginian style at sight of the commandant and his wife ushered them into the parlor, set the maid upstairs to linger if Miss Bayard could see Mrs. Miller and then true to his Southern instincts proceeded in the parlor with decanter of wine and some dainty Angel's food upon a silver salver. The doctor had gone to the hospital he explained but would soon return. Then he vanished. Miller smacked his lips over the Madeira and smilingly admitted to his better half that he believed there were some things on which her head was fewer than his."

For reply she pointed to the hallway.

"Come here just one moment. I want you to see where I stood and how I could see what was going on at the hat rack out there."

He stood by her side, glanced at the mirror and noted the reflection therein.

It was just there his handkerchief went swinging—and the money in its pocket," she said.

Then came the message from aloft that if Mrs. Miller would step upstairs Miss Bayard would be glad to see her—Miss Bruce was already there, and so the major was left alone. He sat some five minutes looking over an album or two, poured out and drank another glass of wine and thought him that Bayard had told him he ever had to smoking to get right into his study and help himself. Now was the very time. A dozen strides brought him to the broad topped library table littered with books, pamphlets, papers of all kinds, and among them the inviting looking brown box. Another moment and ensconced in the big easy chair with a fragrant Regalia between his lips and a late New York paper in his hand the major was forgetting the perplexities of the day. The reading lamp was turned lighted threw its light low upon the paper in his hand but left the apartment in darkness. Out in the kitchen he could faintly hear the voices and the sound of crockery and glass in process of cleaning; above stairs the murmur of softer tongues. All in the front part of the house on the first floor was silent. Presently out on the parade the bugler began to sound the signal taps" to extinguish lights and at the same moment Miller heard the click of the latch at the front door. There had been no footstep that he could hear and he thought he might be mistaken. He listened intently and presently felt click it went again. Odd thought Miller. That is not the way a man enters his own house nor does it sound like the way an honest man enters any one else's. Click click again. Louder and more forcibly now it came. Then it was plain. Some one was trying to open that door without attracting the attention of the occupants. What now he should be able to surprise the prowler. What if this should indeed prove to be only one better than larceny or worse. Now was an excellent time. The doctor was known to be away—over at the hospital. Miss Bayard was home. Mrs. Miller was in her room. Every private in the command knew the movements of the post surgeon knew he would be detained some time and—there were if those pretty nicknacks in the parlor. There was that handsome silver in the dining room (it was always in the doctor's strong box under the bed at night). What more likely than that now was the time selected by some sharp spook thief in the garrison to slink through the shadows of the night to the quarters and help himself to a front way while the servants were all chattering and laughing in the kitchen in the rear and make off with his plunder. It was an inspiration. Miller heartily bounded at the thought. If the thief could enter now he could be entered later in the night of the dinner. By Jove! Did he not recall that sudden gust of old at that swept from the hall in the midst of the doctor's story! Click click snap! Ingalls, I'll no doubt be there time. Quickly and on tiptoe the major strode toward the hall where he could see the front door. It was his hope his fondest wish that the thief would specially effect an entrance and from the darkness of his lair the major could see and identify him let him in, follow him on tiptoe to the dining room there seize and confound him in the very act and so fastening the crime on him one deadly man dispose of once for all the scandal and restore to the tattered honored over a woman's fair fame. Click click again. What was the matter? Would the stubborn lock not yield or was this a prerogative hand and his tools unsuited to the job? In his wild impatience he could have rushed to the door and hurled it open but that would have only spoiled the game. He could have caught his prowler perhaps but proved nothing. No. Patience! patience. A burst of jolly Irish origan laughter from the distant kitchen drowned for a moment other sounds and possibly unnerved the operator at the door. Did he hear quick, light foot steps carrying away? There was a broad glazed there—quite a wide veranda in fact—since the unsightly wooden storm door had been removed. For an instant he certainly thought he heard worrying footsteps on the steps themselves but the creak of the dry woodwork undercuts them. He listened intently for a moment. No further attempt was made at the latch.

Then there it was again. Sure, he heard a light footfall on the steps on the piazza itself. It would bear the suspense no longer and springing into the hall where the hanging lamp shed its broad glare over every object hurled open the door and recoiled in mingled agony and horror. God of mercy! There stood Fanny Forrest!

Major Miller! she gasped allnights! In his vehemence and the ghastly look with which he greeted her. How—how you startled me! Why—what has happened that she were you going in such why major what is the matter? and now there was something imperious in the demand.

For all answer he could only point and then over his quivering face in a frozen lamb cent of was a moment. Then rallying address he stepped forward giving his head a shake and trying to look cool and calm.

You are no more startled than I. Miss Forrest. I never thought to find you at this hour."

And why not me? I have of course. Nellie is not there. Does any one expect to inquire if he would not receive me a moment?

Why—why did they not, he hoarsely asked.

Ringl What opportunity had I. My friend hastily touched the piazza before the door opened in my face and I stood looking—well pardon me Major Miller—as if you had suddenly encountered a ghost.

Do you mean you have only just come?" he asked.

Certainly.

And, you saw no one" There was no one here as you came in the gate?"

"Not a soul—stop a minute though—There was something—"

"Pray, what are you talking about Major Miller, and to whom are you talking?" queried the voice of his better half at this very instant, and before he could respond there came through the gateway and up the steps like debonair, portly doctor.

What!" exclaimed Bayard "Miss Forrest! Ah, you truant, we've been wondering where you were, your sister and I. Ah, major!—Mrs Miller. Why this is delightful. Now, indeed am I welcome home? Come right into my parlor and then—but I'm no spider. Come Miss Forrest, I know you want to see my little girl—I left Jennie Bruce with her. Major you and I want a glass of Madeira and Mrs. Miller to bless the occasion, and then we all want some music, don't we? Come in and welcome."

And so, half urging, half pushing, half reading, the doctor swept his trio of visitors into the parlor. Despite her start at sight of Miller's appearance at the door, despite his preoccupation and gloom which several glasses of the doctor's good wine failed to dissipate, Miss Forrest remained after a brief visit to the invalid upstairs, and then saying that she had promised Nellie sang to them witchingly again and again.

But the night dispatches floated in from Letterman that give the impression return. The telegraph operator himself came running up with the message just as the party at the doctor's (considerably augmented by this time by new comers drawn thither by Miss Forrest's voice) was broken up for the night. In them had appeared in great numbers along the North Platte threatening the road connecting the two posts and a train had been attacked and looted midway between them. Terry and her men worked their way through and an hour to take the train, but there were many gallant stories of this time. Hatton indeed offered his services but was told he could not be spared. Morning brought nothing that in war parties were only seven miles away at sunrise and at the present of the commander for the time being, put all the matter weighing so vastly on his mind but not for a moment could he forget that he had left the door open that hour. It was time now to look the situation squarely through and through. It might be necessary to send for Forrest.

Another day brought with it a strong column of cavalry hastening up from the front on way at Cheyenne and the 6 troops were to be fully provided with rations and ammunition before setting forth toward the Black Hills with them they were ordered. It was by Tom and business for every body. The major had no more to Hatton on the subject of the interrupted interview but on the second day, as McLean was lying languidly in his bed, listening to the sounds of hoofs and heels without and benumbing his fate that he was to be tied ridden here when such stirring times were ahead his soldier servant came noiselessly to ask the lieutenant's permission to step out a little while to see some friends in the cavalry. The attendant was seated in the front room, so the permission was readily granted.

"Is there anything the lieutenant wants, sir before I go?"

Nothing except a handkerchief. Give me one of those silk ones in this corner of the drawer—that's it."

Then Jim laded the topmost on the pile and went noiselessly away. McLean shook it open and a card dropped out upon the coverlet. Surprised he picked it up and slowly read it; perplexity and then symptoms of annoyance showing plainly in his face. Twice thrice he read it through. Then stowing it under his pillow he began to think.

The doctor came in before a great while to renew the dressing on his wound and asked him if he hadn't been talking too much.

"I haven't been talking at all. Why do you ask?"

I also a little quicker than it was. What have you been doing?

Nothing—to speak of. What is there to do but read and think?

You mustn't get to fretting because you can't go out with every expedition. Mac will be on you like a thief but you can have your pie and eat it. You can't get shot in one fight and expect to get into the next. If you keep quiet here I think I can put you in the saddle again in a month—much quicker than I can poor Blunt—but you must be patient especially now that you'll miss Hatton. He goes out with the train guard to night.

"Hatton! To night?" exclaimed the invalid.

Where can go again. What in hell if I'm you are to be sure! I might just as soon touch a match to a magazine.

Doctor tell Hatton I want him must see him before he goes."

I can't I must tell him to keep away. Why do you want him?"

Because I—I—I see him. You'll have a crazy man on your hands if you don't. And Weeks let me tell him that! He has strong ways of his own. Where is he?"

That night in his field dress and all ready to start Hatton gently came to his room side beside.

What is it old man? he said. Weeks told me first to slip away without a big good bye. I'll only be gone a week—and then I promised me up and said you wanted to see me."

McLean looked out in the front room.

Send that man away for awhile, he said. Now for it groaned Hatton between his teeth. Something new and he's got to do it. How in heaven am I to keep my story to myself if he's got wind of it?

Obediently at a word from Hatton the hospital attendant took his cap and stepped outside. Then McLean put forth his hand and took that of the senior lieutenant.

Hat you and I have been good friends haven't we?

Always Mac.

I've something to ask you. Something I must know. You remember the night we had that—that—

I should say so.

Have you ever seen have you ever known of her being in here—or around here since?

Hatton hesitated.

Tell me, Hat.

I can't tell you Mac. There's been the devil to pay. Some other things stolen. Miller's got hold of it and—oh I man—I'm thankful I'm going for I'd have to tell what we know."

Great God. And I arrest two weeks' march away I can't count! Hat, here Hat! To day I found something among my hand kerchiefs—I was missing one that was returned. Do you know how it got there?

Yes," lowly. She herself gave it to me and he led me to put it there.

You don't mean it! How could he with out exciting more suspicion! She must have known it would only make you connect her with what had happened here.

Mac—old man! It's no use! I can't keep it back from you. Why! She was reckless of anything I might think. It has gone far beyond suspicion. It is certainly. She was on the watch the night Miller came here for me. It was her dress—her steps you heard in the hall. She may be kleptomaniac. God knows—but whether it is, she threw off all disguise. She listened to Miller orders that I should come to him at tattoo—and in the moment he was gone down she flew to where I stood there on the door and implored me Mac as I would save her from disgrace and ruin not to go—not to tell him.

And she was not out of her mind?

She is sane as you or I. Mac except on that one thing."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

History as She Is Learned.

London Journal of Education.

The following answers are copied verbatim from the history papers in a scholarship examination. The age of the candidates ranged from 11 to 13:

Wellington chief victories were Waterloo at the battle of which he was created Duke of Wellington. Just as the ball was about to begin the sound of trumpets. The soldiers left their families and came up to the battle front. The first were run out and the battle started.

At the battle of Waterloo Jones was fighting in the battle he was killed in the battle.

Cromwell was first a shoemaker but afterward he gained honors till he rose to the important post of protector.

Wycliffe was a writer of the Bible. He was burned at the stakes, afterwards his bones were dug up.

Wycliffe was the lower of God. He used to walk out to the fields in the dull ages and tell stories to anyone who would buy in which was some red mixture, which he said was the blood of Christ.

Lord Burleigh was a great statesman, who discovered the gunpowder plot. Lord Randolph Churchill was his direct descendant.

Lord Byron was walking one day, when a beautiful poem called the "Lady of the Lake" entered his head which still exists.

Lord Beaconsfield was the head of the Primrose League and lived in the reign of George III.

Australia was given to the English by the natives because they said they had died out.

INTO THE DARK.

I gaze into the dark, O love!
I gaze into the dark
The creeping shadows chill me and the night,
With wide outstretching arms, bullets thee near
O, searching eyes! Your love midst wondrous light,
More fair than falls from moon ray or from star;
Smiles out into the dark.

I reach into the dark, O love!
I reach into the dark.
I cannot find thee and my groping hands
Touch only memories and phantom shapes.
O empty arms! Be glad of those sweet hands
Wherein your love all tenderness escapes
And smiles into the dark.

I call into the dark, O love!
I call into the dark.
There comes from out the harsh below, above
No answer but my own quick-fluttered breath.
O, doubting heart! dost thou not know thy love,
Across the awful silentness of death.
Smiles at thee through the dark?

—American Magazine.

A CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE.

Why, Kate, I've been fancying you as happy as the day is long. I verily believe there isn't another governess in the kingdom so comfortably placed in all respects, and you know you are only an amateur without certificates or diplomas, or anything of that sort. I'm sure Mrs. Bilstrode spoke to us just now as if you were her daughter and I was her daughter's friend. What can you possibly find to complain of?

Complain! You quite misunderstand me. It would be not only ungrate at but idious besides. What I meant to say was that in spite of everybody's kindness on all hands I cannot help feeling as rather dull. Mrs. Bilstrode has such a lot of friends and she's always so busy so interested that it makes me feel lonely—I can't express what I mean—but the result is that I would give anything to have some concerns of my own to occupy me."

Ira! cried my dear said Lydia glancing round and laughing, "isn't it possible that you may find some such occupation shortly? Captain Bulstrode seems to be as pleasant as he is handsome.

Oh you can't imagine what a funny idea that is. Captain Bulstrode is certainly pleasant what I have seen of him but he seems to think the only conversation possible with a young lady is an exchange of smiles. So far as they go his remarks are most agreeable for he has very nice teeth and I respond as nicely as I can. But in three days we have already exhausted our store of topics—at least I have for Captain Bulstrode never recollects that he offered the same observation—that is the same smile—half a minute ago. It's like saying, 'How d'ye do?' all day long, and I feel the approaches of genuine imbecility.

The school room maid entered and while she was laying the tea table Kate Shafto talked merrily with her cousin of old times. Then laughing and coloring, she produced a slip of newspaper.

Captain Bulstrode could never give me an interest in life, even if he wished and if I let him try which he is not both utterly out of the question. Thus, here is an opening with a vengeance, Lydia, as Tom used to say. You recollect how I crossed the channel alone after poor papa's death, and how kind a boy was to me? See what appears in all the newspapers this morning.

Lydia read.

If this should meet the eye of the young lady who crossed from Boulogne to Folkestone one night of January 1883 the young man who lent her a rug and overcoat begs permission—which he will regard as an honor—to correspond with her. He will not ask her name, nor seek to ascertain it without her consent, Address Loyalty, care of Messrs Jordan Austin Friars."

Oh, Kate, dear! what fun! It must be you! Shall you answer?

What do you think?"

I wouldn't hesitate a moment—that is if Messrs. Jordan are respectable people of which I have no doubt. Admiral Bulstrode or anyone could find that out for you.

Yes but they would find out a good deal more in the process! There was a regular debate at breakfast over this advertisement—which was it by for it proved nothing so far. I forgot to mention that Miss Bulstrode gave it to me to read. It is natural enough. I have myself remarked that it works a syllogism in Barbara with unfailing nature. It would be agreeable at this moment and in this choice to believe the former proposition if I could—but however it may be I entreat you to forget an explanation which is offered most unwillingly since various reasons and motives in my indecision to break off our correspondence at this early stage after learning my position. They may be such as I cannot honorably—but if not—if they were mere objections of convenience I beg you not earnestly to resist them. Let us talk together frankly honestly without thought of consequences. It was in the belief that the little girl who dwells in my recollection could sustain such converse without need of personal topics to check in that I searched for her name—and Miss Troth's letter strongly recommends that method. I shall wait for her reply with anxiety.

P. S.—I also was very sorry to miss bidding you good bye at Folkestone. When you went down below in sight of harbor I paid a visit to a friend a queen's messenger on board and fell asleep in his cabin. He did not rouse me till too late. As for the rug, I shall treasure it with pious care henceforward.

I think we shall have such patience as he could muster. Very seldom does a girl receive a communication so embarrassing. Kate Shafto's brain was singularly clear. However it be with other women, few males had a keener grasp of figure even the mechanics of that art she understood well enough to know the meaning of "a syllogism in Barbara." The whole process of her correspondence's argument lay open before her as before himself. But no objection which he could not gainsay came into her head for the conventionalities they were already cast aside. Moreover her inclination to let the handsome gallant of was greatly strengthened by the conduct of the man so far.

The propriety of answering therefore, caused her not a moment's hesitation but how the answer should be framed how certain grave probabilities should be guarded against at the outset occupied her thought for two days, and even in a measure for two nights that is to say until she went to sleep at the usual hour and again until she arose. It was fun of the best class brimming with interest and possibilities but distinctly not the kind of thing to make a reasonable girl turn on her pillow.

The outcome of these ponderings was in her reply.

My Dear Mr Loyalty—I also regret the demand for excuses which can so honorably meet since they cannot be quite forgotten henceforth. But I believe myself able to act in the sense which you suggest. Referring to your explanation for the first time I appear to me that we must fix a date when our correspondence shall cease. I think you will perceive the reason or one of several. The search to which your relations have engaged will prove successful doubtless and at an early date your attention will be too much distracted to find pleasure in writing to a stranger. I will not run the risk that my letters may become a bore. Regarding the question thoughtfully I've resolved that two months the shortest time that can be fixed with safety. Then on the 4th of February on the fifth of April I shall write good bye with hearty friendship and expect I feel sure. If the circumstance I contemplate should arise before that period, I beg to your honor to inform me at once. You will ratify this understanding please with a comment on it on your next letter.

Now what are we going to talk about? In the division of labor it will be your duty to find topics and to expatiate upon them. My amusement it exercise your views of men and things. That is the approved form I believe. A clever man can make dunce purses judgment on his work and the people love to have it so. If you expect a young lady like myself to every topic for it is ungrateful to this [illegible] you. But really the part of both is very dull and be sides I am not quite equal to it. Ou bye bye I must put another clause into our agreement. I reserve the power of closing this correspondence at any time without regard to the limit of two months. It seems a rude stipulation but constitutional lawyers hold, I believe that the right of self-defence cannot be annulled by any contract or covenant.

And so I leave you to the exercise of your ingenuity. We are to make no allusion to private matters, excepting, if you like, such as came to our mutual knowledge in the very broken discourse we held that night. You have forgotten what they were? Of course you have, but I will give you a hint. It is already known to me that you are a soldier, or were, and that the great desire of your heart at one time was to visit India. That may be a starting point for our excursions. I am inclined to finish with the exclamation which sophists of old were wont to use when they invited the audience to give them a theme for eloquence. You would thus be convinced that it is no light responsibility you have undertaken. But I forbear.

P. S.—I am ashamed of myself! That last observation will give you the idea that I understand Greek, and I dare not protest that it was undesigned! Remorse is consuming me! *Peccavi!* O Mr. Loyalty! I can't even read the alphabet!"

My Dear Miss Troth—Without comment or debate I subscribe to your conditions, but if you knew what I feel!

Nevertheless, when one contracting party is so precise the other may sense any vantage ground unoccupied. You do not fix the number of our letters per week and therefore I except two at least. You do not say that I must submit when you told me farewell and therefore, I reserve full liberty of action.

Since we are not to mention private affairs, I suppose that compliments are most strictly forbidden. I confine myself therefore to the simplest matter of fact in declining your first communication a little more. Within a very few lines it warns me, and very what a grave charge I have assumed it suggests the line of not the subjects of our correspondence and it shows a disposition in every word that interests and challenges me. You think I do not recollect the topics we discussed that night! Perhaps I do. But my advertisement is proof that I keep a very strong general idea of your powers. And—you will allow me to flatter myself at least—the evidence displays that my judgment was sound.

The modern world and all therein seems to you utterly and miserably wrong! What, all? Then I know I guessed your age correctly. Nineteen years is the time of life, I should think when a clever girl who has read much—so much that she can cite the Probalitte of the sophists in a casual way—is apt to be tired of young ladyhood while the delights of womanhood do not yet attract her. Take consolation my dear Miss Troth! The years pass by too quickly. Whilst you are still sighing that the age is dull and vulgar and ugly and emasculate, interests will be gathering steadily around your life— Please don't tear my letter at this point. I am not insulting you with a commonplace.

It is not that your opinion of the world will change—at least I see no reason why it should. We are in perfect harmony upon that question. But the meanness and rightness of things are still a fresh discovery with you at 19. They will become familiar presently—or rather they will cease to be constantly before your mind. At present, I venture to think you have no distractions sufficiently powerful to occupy a quick and keen intelligence. But such will come, by one agency or another, if not strong enough of their own strength yet strong by the growing weakness of your contempt and distaste for the 'modern world.' And so I venture to predict a time when you would be amused if any mischievous person could show you a certain letter which shall be secured by the patentest of patent locks, that is to say, you would be amused by its vehemence of expression, not probably by its meaning.

There! I have given you a subject at the outset which you can not only criticise but dilate upon? I fancy that the next episode I receive will be dashed off at white heat of indignation. What! I dare to suggest that you will ever regard with patience the stupid, colorless monotony of life in this realm and this era! But no—you will not take that tone, if only because it's the one I expect. It becomes all the more interesting to speculate what tone you will take.

Yes, I am a soldier, and I have fulfilled my wish shortly after that introduction which is bearing its fruit now I was ordered to India, and I have taken but one furlough since. When we fall short of matter for conversation if that could ever be we will talk of India. But I distrust myself upon that theme. It tends to raving and incoherency. If I declared in public my views there would be danger of a writ de *lunatico inquirendo*.

* * * * * *

I must make a note of how just to me. It would be a pleasure to transcribe the whole correspondence but no pleasure, I suspect for the majority to read it. The sample are enough to show how easily these young people mastered the difficulties of their extraordinary situation. The credit was due to the lady of course. Kate's first letter struck a key note which summoned Loyalty to respond. Had he failed to do so, the romance would have ended then and there. On the contrary his success was complete. She recognized a man worth talking to and forthwith began to chatter—brightly humorously with familiar frankness for I must be borne in mind that Kate did not regard her anonymous correspondent as a stranger. The familiarity, however was intellectual. As her interest grew she felt more and more distinctly to encourage the hope of a personal intercourse. That would destroy the charm. Unconsciously she admitted this some time, by some abnormal means they would be brought face to face but not with her sanction. And Loyalty was harmonious all through. He wrote as gaily brilliantly and familiarly as herself but gave no hint of a wish to meet. It is true that one month only had elapsed when I resumed the story. He had no need to hurry the action up.

Meantime Bulstrode Castle became a resort of young ladies such as the chatelaine thought fit to invite to Jack. None of them had succeeded, apparently. In truth things seemed to be going the other way. Kate overheard more than one remark that Captain Bilstrode was like a knight of chivalry and an impulsive young person declared him outright a dear. He had that gentle and amiable calm which specially becomes a distinguished young soldier and is especially appreciated by the sex. His air as the beautiful but nothing funny captain him, and his low sunny laugh showed that enjoyment than the roar of boisterous souls. Conspicuously handsome graceful in all he said and did heir to an ancient name and large estates Captain Bulstrode realized, in serious truth the popular notion of a hero.

Kate admired him warmly as a picture, and liked very much what she saw of him—in the same sense. But this turned of guests of children to the schoolroom. Though Mrs. Bulstrode had dismissed her vague alarms after observing Jack, she was too shrewd to tempt the fates by thrusting a lovely governess upon the notice of any young man. It came to pass that Kate only saw him at a distance and never spoke. She had ample course for the correspondence for so long and solitary evenings. Even her little pupils were less ignorant of the events preparing. She did not know that Captain Bulstrode was the admiral's heir, much more that this array of damsels was paraded for his choice. The castle had been lively with young people more or less since she received them. It was natural that a larger gathering should be made to celebrate the coming of age. Now then. But one day about a month after the date of those letters cited enlightenment came with a rush. Her eldest pupil a charming

plained. Mr. Loyalty was Captain Bulstrode!

A painful shattering—not of hopes, most assuredly, but of ideals. Kate felt so angry that she paused, in sudden consternation, to ask herself what Loyalty had done to justify his temper. Why, of course! He had violated a solemn contract—he had failed to warn her of his growing love for one of the beautiful girls around him. Forthwith Kate put to her desk and set herself to frame the indictment which was to be Miss Truth's farewell. It proved to be mighty difficult, as the reader will understand if he review the circumstances. Half an hour thereafter Mary found her still obstinately wrestling with a task as desperate as a composition well could be.

"Oh, Miss Shafto," she cried from the door, "I have questioned Cousin Jack seriously, and he gives me his word of honor as a gentleman that there is not a syllable of truth in it."

Kate accepted the assurance implicitly, and her indignation vanished; but the letters must cease. Reason endeavored to convince her that if there was no harm in corresponding with an anonymous gentleman, the chance discovery of his name and address could not make it sinister. Through her simple life hitherto, the instincts of womanhood had never been opposed to the dictates of common sense, and in one of her bright discussions with Loyalty she had maintained with warmth that they never could be. The logic of circumstances refuted her now. Reason might urge arguments unanswerable, but instinct decimed to hear them. She wrote at once:

"My dear Mr. Loyalty: I am compelled to forego an amusement which I have learned to cherish, before the date we fixed, to write again, when I send this brief note only to assure you that my resolve is unconnected with any action of yours. It is bare truth to say that your letters have given me a broader and clearer view of the world. There is food for thought in every line, even those that have made me laugh aloud. I feel myself wiser; and that knowledge, I think, will gratify you. It is my very earnest hope that we may meet at some time. Will pardon me if I recall your unwillingness to make no inquiry about me." And in a few regretful words she bade him good bye.

A little incident occurred before the answer reached her, but I transcribe it in this place—as much as bears upon the story:

"My Dear Miss Truth: It is no exaggeration to say that your sudden resolve distresses me. If our correspondence was a cherished amusement to you, to me it was a grave matter, from the beginning, which has grown continuously more serious as I studied your disposition. But I have made up my mind to give to him upon this subject until the day appointed, and I shall keep to that resolution.

"For again your terms leave a loophole, of which I take advantage. Circumstances do not compel me to cease writing, quite the contrary—and inclination, I assure you, to continue. Therefore, I will put off till the end of the two months, and then, in what may be a farewell letter, I shall write very seriously.

"There is, however, a more weighty consideration. You insisted that I should warn you the moment I became conscious of certain feelings, and much more is it your duty to warn me in like case. If such be the nature of Miss Truth's wish to break off our pleasant relations, I am sure she will contrive to make Loyalty understand.

"And now I shall scribble away, as if nothing had happened—only it will be a monologue in future——"

The effect which this letter would have had was entirely changed by the incident I have referred to. Captain Bulstrode, like all who have served in India, rose at daylight—not such a very early hour in the month of March. Kate saw him not unfrequently whipping the stream as she sailed forth with her charges for the walk before breakfast, which Admiral Bulstrode exacted, wet or fine. Then the little girls raced away to mourn Jack, and Mary performed a reckless fandango with her ayah. But he had never happened to be near the path.

Cousin Jack was not visible in the morning when Loyalty's reply must be received, but they found him out in the afternoon. Mary, scarlet, of course, Lydia, close to the water's edge, and Miss Truth, of course, demonstrative of shawl. If a pantomimic appeals could in a charge cry of pain, the fly-hook pierced her ear through and through.

Pleiad arose the wailing of the little girls; desperate were her efforts to extract the hook. Captain Bulstrode, who had gone to seek a light for his cheroot, burst upon the scene. Kate was not so distracted that she failed to observe his running—like a Greek athlete, she said to herself.

With that kind smile which she had ridiculed to Lydia, though admiring it all the while, he examined the mischief. I have said that Kate shafto's face did not strike at a glance, and Captain Bulstrode hadn't her happened to regard her with attention. He could not have avoided doing so now, and certainly she looked her very best—red with embarrassment, hair loose, eyes and lips protesting, yet diverted with the humor of a situation which she only grasped. So startled was he that he paused, saying: "This is Miss Shafto?"—but found an excuse upon the instant—"Er—you are in great pain I fear?" With that he snapped the hook and drew it gently out.

Kate foresaw what would happen. If there are girls who cannot read the look of overpowering admiration in honest, manly eyes, she was not one of them. But it would have been far more indecorous to walk with her hair disheveled than to return home under escort of a young man, and she submitted to fate very willingly since it must be so. Captain Bulstrode had wound up his tackle before she was ready and they started.

The castle was not a mile away, and the little girls demanded cousin Jack's attention without ceasing; but he found means to draw the governess out—at least to assure himself that she was well worth the trouble. Kate understood perfectly. Several times she marked his cautious survey of her face, and read therein, with pardonable vanity, an expression of astonishment which grew rather than subsided. How could I possibly have overlooked this girl? he said. She did not feel called upon to unshield him by the affection of a character, good or bad, which was not her own. And yet it would still have been a gross affectation, be-like, she found herself regarding Captain Bulstrode as an old and intimate acquaintance.

So they talked merrily and frankly through the children, who played a very useful part as conciliators. When the latter came Kate felt that it was another to love. She saw him no more that day, but next morning, of course, he was at the breakfast, and by noon the path. The road was forsaken to Mary, and until—he broke it in a triumphant boastful, they strolled to and fro. Naturally then Captain Bulstrode might have accompanied them in their walk, but he was too sagacious, next day, how-ver, they were more stealthy, and the next. The fun was over now, both its grew serious. On the fourth morning Kate took another direction, to the great disgust of her pupils, and on their return found Jack gone. He left word that he was unfortunately obliged to be off, but that he should see them at dinner. Kate was perplexed, ashamed, and vexed to be troubled. Then the next letter arrived.

"My dear Miss Truth: It is not four days since I took refuge in chicanery to evade the plain meaning of your injunctions, and to sustain a correspondence which interested me very deeply. I did wrong and I knew it, but you are avenged. It is painful to eat one's words, and yet so in this case, for I have to beg want I refused when it was offered—a kindly farewell. Explanation is unnecessary, I think, under the circumstances, and it would be most embarrassing. You have proved yourself wise and prudent all through—let that suffice. With the warmest respect and admiration I reciprocate your expressions of good will, and I subscribe myself for the last time,

"LOYALTY."

If Kate was perplexed and somewhat troubled before, this communication greatly clouded her. She could scarcely find a smile for the extraordinary situation which correspondence, begun in sport, had developed. It was awfully funny, doubtless, but grave enough for those concerned, and most concealed, for herself. Explanation was unnecessary, indeed. Loyalty broke off his relation with Miss Truth because Captain Bulstrode had fallen in love with Miss Shafto. Kate thrilled in reading the confession, but it was dread ul.

Since he had thus declared himself, unconsciously she owned her love, she gloried in it. But the mere knowledge of that fact forbade her, a dependent, to allow meetings under the admiral's roof which had been harmless if disconcerting before. It did not occur to Kate, even as a possibility, that she might misunderstand the motive of Loyalty's withdrawal. Captain Bulstrode's eyes were too expressive for that.

But how to check him? She had no grounds for giving a hint, nor was he in the least likely to supply her. The children must go out, their governess must accompany them; and Kate owned herself no match in strategy with this young soldier. She thought of feigning illness, but he was a man who could wait. The only means of escape was resignation, and that would be disastrous. A girl is not called upon to sacrifice her livelihood, perhaps all her future, to avoid an honorable suit from her employer's heir. Heroines of story do that kind of thing, but Kate Shafto was a "human girl," no more and no less. She resolved at length to take a holiday—that would give a pause—and wrote Mrs. Cantley forthwith whether she could be received. The good old dame consented with warmth by return of post.

The same morning Mrs. Bulstrode summoned the governess to an interview; she seemed flurried and nervous and spoke less kindly than usual.

"My dear, we are starting for the continent to-morrow. You will accompany us."

Kate was amused. "I was just going to beg a short holiday, madam," she said.

"This will be a twelvemonth's holiday. I should not ask you to give the children regular lessons. We go to Italy, thence North, and we winter in Rome. The admiral will be with us much of the time."

Kate could not inquire whether Captain Bulstrode would be one of the party. She answered:

"I should like to spend a few days with my friends before leaving them for so long, madam."

"You can't do that!" said Mrs. Bulstrode shortly; and Kate's spirit rose at her tone.

"Relying on your wonted kindness, madam, I hoped my words had received me, and she has made arrangements."

The lady looked in her face, which had grown stubborn, thought an instant, and spoke frankly, with a total change of manner:

"I honestly think, Miss Shafto, as I hope, that you have been comfortable with us. We have not tried to be kind, for it was no effort; and you, I believe, found it no effort to be grateful. I speak for the admiral also in saying that your character and disposition made it a pleasure to have you in the house."

"Indeed, madam, you have treated me as a daughter!" Kate exclaimed, her eyes full. Mrs. Bulstrode shrank back out her hands and drew the girl to her bosom. "Heaven knows, dear, that I wished to do so! I feel certain we can rely on your honor. And then she told how Jack had sought an interview the night before, and solemnly announced that he would marry Miss Shafto or no one. Good and simple by nature, ignorant of the emotions between the two, Mrs. Bulstrode felt very little embarrassment in making her appeal. "We put all our hopes in you, my dear!" she concluded, beseeching. "You will not inflict this dreadful disappointment on us?"

Kate laughed while she cried, but the prayer touched her warm heart. Happily, Mrs. Bulstrode did not think of asking that she would never accept Jack; her single idea was to keep them apart. Kate nerved to leave for a year, after a week's boudoy at Redwood. Captain Bulstrode, they thought, might learn where she was, but Mrs. Cantley's refuge he could not find by any means he would use.

The same evening she arrived. Lydia's interest and her questions may be imagined. To avoid them Kate paid a visit to her old nurse next day—found that dame yet more inquisitive about the letters she had forwarded, and fled again. On the very doorstep she encountered Captain Bulstrode, whose face lit up. Her mind at that instant was full of "Loyalty" and "Miss Truth," after the nurse's chatter—so full that she mixed up the anonymous with the real person very unfortunately, and addressed him with not kind gentleness.

"No, sir, in defiance of your solemn promise, you are trying to find me!"

"My promise!" he repeated, in blank astonishment.

Kate saw her error and turned sharply away. He looked at the number of the house thoughtfully, and overtook her at a stride.

"Observing the name of this street, I turned into it from mere curiosity. It is quite true that I was seeking Miss Shafto. Can it be possible that I have found Miss Truth?"

She hurried on, confused, longing to deny, to do anything but confess in fitting words. It was too certain that Jack's quick brain would carry him to further discoveries. In a moment more her fears were realized.

"And you accused me," he exclaimed abruptly. "Miss Shafto is not only acquainted with Loyalty's promise to Miss Truth, but she also charges Captain Bulstrode with breaking it. Then—then, this is the reason you broke off our correspondence? I have only to tell you why I acquiesced."

"I don't wish to hear; I won't hear."

"I have done nothing to sacrifice such treatment as an honorable man deserves, Miss Shafto. You must hear me!"

"Oh, don't," she cried, at her wit's end. "I have promised Mrs. Bulstrode."

"Is that it?" he laughed. "For how long have you promised?"

"For twelve months!"

"That's an awful time, but we shall see. Now, since I have spoken—at least since you understand—the twelve months shall begin an hour hence. Then I will go away and weave plots against my well meaning relations. Let us turn into the park."

She obeyed helplessly.

Long before the year was out Mrs. Bulstrode submitted cheerfully. They were married at Florence. The admiral gave Kate away, Lydia and the little girls were bridesmaids. Cousin Jack gave them lockets with "K. E. P. E Troth" in diamonds. As the governess for the very last time, Kate explained that it was the motto of King Edward I. But the application has never been set forth till now.

LESSONS OF MORAL DUTY.

Divine Services To Be Held To-day in the Churches of Portland and East Portland.

Hood street M. E. mission—Sunday school at 2 P. M.

Portland New Church society, (Swedenborgian) services at 11 A. M., at H. Cook's music hall, Arlington building, on Third street between Washington and Stark.

African Episcopal service—Bishop Morris, assisted by the Rev. H. M. Johnson, will hold services this afternoon in the Scandinavian M. E. church, Russell street, at 3:30 o'clock.

First German Evangelical church, corner Eighth and Gay streets, H. Schakinger, pastor—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. All are invited to attend.

Ariana M. E. church, corner Russell and Kerby streets, Rev. G. M. Peirce, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by Rev. T. L. Jones. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M.

Adams-street M. E. church, corner Tenth and Adams streets. Rev. G. M. Peirce, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by Rev. Mr. Connel, of London, Canada. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M.

The First Spiritual and Literary Society of Portland meets every Saturday, at G. A. R. hall, corner First and Taylor streets, at 10 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Good speakers and mediums will be present. All are invited.

The First Spiritual Society of Portland meets every Sunday in G. A. R. hall, corner of First and Taylor streets, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Investigators' class at 5:30 P. M. Mr. Ewing, the spirit artist of Chicago, will be present. The public are invited.

Unitarian church—T. L. Eliot, minister. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., Rev. Mr. Copeland, of Tacoma, officiating at both services. Young People's Fraternity meeting at 6:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30. South Portland Sunday school at 1 o'clock.

Unitarian church, corner Yamhill and Seventh—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., Rev. Mr. Copeland, of Tacoma, officiating at both services. Young Peoples' Fraternity meeting at 6:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30. South Portland Sunday school at 1 o'clock.

First Congregational church, Rev. T. E. Clapp, pastor—Morning service at 11 o'clock. Ecclesiastes meet at 12:20. Prayer meeting of Christian Endeavor society at 6:30 P. M. Evening service at 7:30, subject: "Reformed Men and Public Christian Work." Cordial welcome to all strangers.

Swedish Lutheran Church, on B street between Ninth and Tenth streets, Rev. John W. Skans, pastor—Services Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. In the evening service there will also be an address by Rev. G. H. Gerberding. Sunday school after the morning service. All are welcome.

St. Stephen's Episcopal Chapel, corner of Jefferson and Fifth streets—Divine services will be held on Sunday at 11 A. M. and at 4 P. M., Rev. John Rosenberg officiating. Sunday school at 10 A. M. Seats free.

First Presbyterian church, corner Third and Washington streets, Rev. Arthur J. Brown, pastor—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by the pastor. Question box opened at the evening service. Sabbath school at 9:45 A. M. Young people's prayer meeting at 6:45 P. M. Strangers always welcome.

Emmanuel Baptist church, corner Meade and Second streets, South Portland—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., conducted by Rev. H. F. Rattray. Subject of evening lecture, "The Hero of One Battle." The ordinance of baptism will be administered in connection with the evening service. Come early and secure seats.

Emmanuel Baptist church, corner Meade and Second streets, South Portland—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., by Rev. H. F. Rattray. Subject of evening lecture: "The Hero of One Battle." The ordinance of baptism will be administered in connection with the evening service. Everybody cordially invited.

Mizpah Presbyterian church, Tabor addition; Rev. Wm. Morrison, pastor—Public worship at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M. every Sunday. Sabbath school at 12:45. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Teachers' meeting on Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Everybody invited.

First congregational church, Holladay's addition, Rev. H. K. Hompher, pastor—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. Teachers' meeting on Tuesday evening and prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Subject in the morning, "The Final Tribunal," and in the evening, "Moses at the Burning Bush."

HOW IT STANDS.

Under the above caption the Hoppner correspondents on the charges made recently in the Washington *Budget*, against Hon. T. R. Fell, representative from Morrow county:

Until the current issue of the Lexington *Budget*, the editor of this paper considered the accusation made against Mr. Fell and his associates as unjustifiable and unfair. He did not believe it to be true in any respect. Now it is evident that the *Budget* can offer no other reason than the mere exposure of what appears to them trickery and fraud, and we feel it our duty to you to find and openly state to you consider that they are resorting to unfair means to prevent Mr. Fell from honestly representing his constituents while at Salem.

The information made by the *Budget* that Mr. Fell came here for the purpose of bribing members to secure the passage of bills adding fifteen townships on the south of Morrow county and getting an appropriation for a wagon road from Heppner to Monument, is sheer, cowardly, and without the slightest foundation.

If the *Budget* has any private grievances against Mr. Fell, for which it is seeking revenge, we do not see how they justify it in making him at the present time in such a way as to work injury to his constituents, and prevent him from recording legislation which is much needed and beneficial to the whole country. We are also of the opinion that the *Budget* has too premature and weak an axe to grind in its insinuations against the committee to whom was entrusted the purchase of the right of way for the O. R. & N. railway. The work of this committee is completed, and when the report comes, they will publish a full statement of all their transactions. From the commencement of their labors their books have been open for inspection, and they willingly gave any explanation asked of them at all times, and we are informed that at no time previous to the publication of what may be deemed a libelous article, did the editor of the Lexington *Budget* or any one connected with the sheet, ask for any explanation of the committee regarding what had been done.

And they suspected that any money was being misappropriated or any frauds being perpetrated on the stockholders to the right of any fund they placed in the hands of Johnson and Fell, they have only to subscribe to which was entrusted the expenditures of this money for an explanation, which would have been cheerfully given them. Instead of doing this, it seems they have gathered the information from persons who are evidently personal enemies of Mr. Fell, and in their anxiety to do him personal injury at this time, they avoided seeking their information from the proper source.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER.

PORTLAND, Feb. 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

I notice in this morning's OREGONIAN, Mr. Fell quotes the opinion of Liverpool as to port, and those of that gentleman and myself as to a few words of explanation over the letter I would have been glad to have had it in full. The import and finest part of the letter, covering more than ten pages of foolscap, the doctor says is private letter, and not made of public, and as the letter is addressed to me, he does not feel at liberty to read it to the public. All I can say is that it is a letter of congratulation and encouragement, and that the doctor says he is proud of the success of the enterprise, and is very much pleased with the way it is being conducted. The doctor also says that he has been in correspondence with Mr. Fell, and that Mr. Fell has been very much encouraged by the letter he has received from the doctor. I will say that I have been in correspondence with Mr. Fell, and that he

TWO STEAMERS COLLIDE.

The Lurline and Traveler Ran Afoul of Each Other Yesterday.

The Latter Considerably Damaged—No Person Injured—Oregon Arrived—River, Sea and Dock Notes.

The steamers Lurline and Traveler collided yesterday at 9:25 A M. a few miles below St. John's, resulting very disastrously to one of them at least. The Traveler is commanded by Captain William R. Buchanan, and the Lurline by Captain James T. Gray. The Traveler left her dock at the foot of Alder street at 8.30 yesterday morning on her regular trip to Washougal, while the Lurline left Vancouver at 8 o'clock. The river runs north-west from St. John's to Watts' ferry, from which place it continues on its way directly north to the brick mill, forming, with an imaginary line drawn from St. John's to the mill, a right triangle with the angle at Watts' ferry decidedly obtuse.

Just prior to the time of the collision the Traveler steamed down the river from St. John's, passing beyond the head of the river at Watts's ferry and also across the prow of the Lurline, which was coming up under a full head of steam. Being then a little out of her course and on the starboard side of the Lurline she backed to the right, bringing her again across the prow of the approaching steamer, which was by this time within 200 feet of her. A dense fog obscured everything from view so that it was impossible for the officers at the wheels to locate the direction taken by each other.

As soon as Capt. Buchanan of the Traveler fully comprehended the situation he gave the signal for the reversing of the engine to the engineer, which order was immediately obeyed but too late to avoid the collision

The Lurline struck the Traveler a slanting blow on the port side, nearly amidships, carrying away her sliding between the upper and lower decks for about forty-five feet, breaking the guard down to the water's edge, a distance of two and a half feet, nearly half the length of the boat, and snapping the two huge posts like threads, thus showing the tremendous force with which she was coming on. The machinery of the Traveler was also considerably damaged. One of the three large steam pipes, reaching aft to the boiler, was wrenched from its place, while two of the flanges were broken directly through the centre.

When an OREGONIAN reporter went on board the Traveler upon her return to Portland, he found things very badly confused. At the time, part of the crew were engaged in emptying the pantry of its varicolor victuals, as a third of the floor had been cut out by the prow of the Lurline, and was letting the dishes and miscellaneous articles drop through into the water. This was the only damage done to the upper deck except a general shaking up.

Captain Gray upon being interrogated in reference to the affair said:

"I would rather not talk about the matter. The fact of the steamer being damaged is evident, and the question as to whose the blame is due will be brought out in the investigation, which will probably take place the first part of next week.

"How both steamers going at a good rate of speed?"

"The Lurline was steaming up the river with her usual head of steam, I think, but at the time the steamers collided I had about succeeded in getting my boat stopped." Rumors are behind to get about us, and the less we say the better. There was a very dense fog prevailing when we came together, and there are other disadvantages which will be seen enough. I do not wish to have it decided through the newspapers."

The Lurline was also examined, and the only damage found were a piece of the guard forward had been broken off and several large holes had been punched through the stairs leading to the hurricane deck on the port side by the projecting timbers of the Traveler.

Captain Buchanan appeared as reticent as Captain Gray about the one who was responsible for the mischief, and seemed in doubt of the blame being fixed upon either one.

Nobody was hurt, and, aside from a good deal of natural excitement being manifested as to whether a leak had been sprung or not, the passengers all exhibited a proper presence of mind. The local board of inspectors will probably make an investigation of the matter in a few days.

The vessel C. S. Bemont will finish taking in her cargo of stiffening at the O. & C. dock next Tuesday at which time the C. S. Bullert will occupy the vacated berth and proceed to discharge her railroad iron.

The Telephone is being thoroughly renovated The wood work will have another coat of paint and the canvas on the hurricane deck will be painted brown.

The Augusta is now discharging her ballast at the Greenwich dock, opposite the new Northern Pacific depot.

Yesterday the Bremhilda came over from Victoria dock to the foot of "D" street, to finish on loading coal.

The Queen of Cambria, which lately came from Callao, Chili, in ballast, is at the lower flouring mills.

The State of California arrived over the bar at 8 P. M. yesterday and left up at 10 A. M

The schooner Louis and the ship Ariadne passed out over the bar at 9 A. M. yesterday

MR HAIGHT INTERVIEWED

What the Gentleman Has To Say Regarding the Beautiful Tract of Highland Now on the Market.

An OREGONIAN reporter in his daily rounds yesterday dropped into the real estate office of Haight & Bonner, at No. 12 Washington street, whom he found, as the senior member of the firm tritely put it, "head over heels in business, making final transfer deeds to the recent purchasers of Highland." The reporter's curiosity being attached, and perceiving from the sly glances of Mr Haight's, that he was just at the time in the mood for an interview the former proceeded straight way to draw out the very real estate dealer, and in behalf the following information was elicited for the enlightenment of the general public.

Reporter—How do you account for the activity that the people show in buying lots over in Highland?

Mr Haight—It is due solely to the great merit of the tract. The people of Portland are promptly quick to appreciate merit.

Reporter—If I am not prostituting too far my inquire of you what special merit you claim for Highland?

Mr Haight—Well, it is not only claimed by us, but every person who has looked over the ground considers this Highland to be the prettiest as well as the most healthy place in the vicinity of Portland. The elevation of the tract is about 150 feet above the waters of the Willamette and Columbia rivers, insuring one of the best views and the purest kind of air. Portland & Vancouver railway Cable railroad of the remaining distance on the line, and the eye from Highland will be able to take in the four cities of Portland, East Portland, Albina and Vancouver, and besides the beholder will have an unobstructed view of the ever-changing scenes of Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, and also of the entire Cascade range, these grand features of the waters of Puget sound.

Reporter—In your advertisement I notice that you claim the very best drainage for Highland

Mr Haight—Yes, sir, Highland has a natural drainage, as you will find if you study carefully the situation here. Underlying the entire tract ten or fifteen feet below the surface is a layer of sand and gravel in just the right combination to effectually neutralize all infectious and poisonous matters. All drainage from the surface at Highland—gulch, verandas, sewage—through subsoil to the underlying strata and from there by one of the natural slopes to the level of the waters of the Willamette and Columbia rivers, over 140 feet below. Here is a natural system of drainage afforded that the investment of a million dollars could not equal or supply. When the tract of Highland is thickly settled as it will undoubtedly be in the near future, the inhabitants will have a perfect system of drainage, without the expense of a dollar to themselves.

Reporter—Then, as I understand you, water can not be obtained by sinking wells in Highland?

Mr Haight—That is just it! Let it be understood through the columns of The OREGONIAN that to the everlasting praise of Highland there is no well water there A well in any thickly settled community is the breeder of typhoid, malarial and kindred fevers. There will never be any need of wells in that beautiful tract to supply its residents with pure water In the first place the water companies of both East Portland and Albina have their mains laid to within a short distance of Highland, and this tract will soon be supplied with an abundance of the purest water from those sources But, were I to build a house in Highland, to cost say where from $5000 to $100,000 I would have a cistern by all means. The building of a cistern involves no great outlay The one for instance that we are now putting in at our branch office can there, although a 10,000 gallon cistern, cost but $150 finished only about $60. The supply of pure water always afforded in Oregon by the copious winter rains, precludes all possibility of a water famine even when cisterns are resorted to. If the city water, now in agitation, will only pass the municipal bill, together with the Portland water bill, now before the house, we will not be slow in hitching on to the main line from the sparkling Bull Run and reap the same benefit that you people have been hoping to get from the consummation of the contemplated enterprise, of diverting the waters of this fine stream to the city.

Reporter—You remarked that Highland has the purest air of any tract in the vicinity of Portland, in fact, in portion, remarkable. I should like to ask just how you explain this?

Mr Haight—Your "why" implies on this view of Portland and vicinity that the formation of the hills lying along the bottom of the Willamette and Columbia rivers, and the course of the rivers themselves, have something to do with the purity of the air. Now, I am not prepared to say that they have, but I am willing to admit that they may have, and I am willing to say that I am not prepared to say that they have not. I am willing to say that I am not prepared to say that they have not. I am willing to say that I am not prepared to say that they have not.